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# THE PLAYBOY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

## *Henri Bergson*

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

## I

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in an essay on style, charming notwithstanding its discussion of technical elements, describes a conjuror juggling first with two, then three, finally four oranges, keeping them all aloft with seemingly small effort. Stevenson employed this image to explain certain qualities of literature. After re-reading the books of Henri Bergson, in the admirable English translation, I couldn't help thinking of the conjuror spinning his four oranges in mid-air, so deftly does the French philosopher keep in motion his images, with a *leit-motif* which he has named *élan vital,* the vital impulse. It is no mere coincidence that in every successful philosophy there may be found a boldly coined image which serves not only to stamp the entire system, but also as a handy catchword for its disciples. We know that there is much more in Kant than his *Ding an sich,* the famous Thing-in-Itself; yet shorn of that phrase the Kantian forces would no longer be as terrible as an army with banners. Hegel, that old cloud-compeller, the Jupiter Pluvius of metaphysics, for what would he stand if not for his Absolute and his theory of opposites? Yet they are not altogether Hegelianism. And Schopenhauer, whose Will-to-Live image brought his philosophy safely into port through a muddy sea of pessimism; or Comte and his Positivism, the scepticism of Renan, the agnosticism of Spencer, or the foggy unconsciousness of the Berlin thinker, Hart-



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mann—each of these schemes for a new *Weltanschauung* has as a sign, a symbol, an oriflamme, an image that sticks to the memory long after the main lines of the various philosophical ideas are forgotten. A philosopher is often doubled by a poet as an image-maker. And many sport Siegfried's magic Tarnhelm, that not only makes them quite invisible, but invisible too their thought. Now a happy image captivates. When the poet Nietzsche declared that the gods were dead in the firmament, the world was not particularly shocked, though much more interested when he forged his significant phrase, Superman.

Henri Bergson is a man of exceptional literary gifts. He has an ingratiating manner of saying things, of weaving them into loops of golden prose. As a lecturer he wooes the ear with the rhythm of his musical cadences. How persuasively, yet how calmly, he juggles his orange-concepts, his Vital Impulse, his Intuition, his Instinct, his Life pictured as a swiftly-flowing stream, his Time as a stuff both resistant and substantial, and his Creative Evolution. But, who knows, perhaps the image that will make his philosophy unforgettable is his comparison of human consciousness with the mechanism of the cinematograph. He contrives a definite and logical pattern from his theoretic oranges, and literally in the air. I recall a lecture of his at the Collège de France, though the meaning of his talk has quite escaped my memory, because I was studying the personality of the man.

The Chinese have a saying that an image-maker never worships idols. Bergson is a mighty maker of images, nevertheless his sincerity is unquestionable. He is intensely in earnest, one would say passionately, if it were not too strong a word for a thinker whose bearing and gestures betray such equipoise. He is bald, with a beaver-like brow, the brow of a builder born; his nose is slightly predaceous, his features cameo-like, his deep-set eyes are dark, the eyes of an oracle, though there is nothing of the pontifical in his attitude toward his audience. A modest man, because he knows so much, Bergson is more of the *petit-maître,* the diplomat, even the academician, than accords with the popular notion that all philosophers are bearded old men, their eyes purging amber and plum-tree gum. Alert, even vivacious, M. Bergson is yet self-composed, far from

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being a dreamer, and while he shows his Oriental stemming, he is less Jewish looking than Anatole France. (It is said that Celtic blood flows in his veins as well as Semitic.) There is an ecclesiastical suggestion; you look for the *soutane*. As he spoke in that *legato* fashion of his, so unlike the average French orator, I thought of him as a Jewish Renan, a master-sophist, more dogmatic than the author of the *Vie de Jésus*—himself a Hebraicized thinker—and one not averse from the "mania of certitude," which his master did so abhor. And as Bergson's closely linked argument flowed on, the image of his rushing river of apperception arose in my mind. What a wealth of examples! And what a picture-maker! What magic there is in these phrases: "Il s'en faut que toutes nos idées s'incorporent à la masse de nos états de conscience. Beaucoup flottent à la surface, comme des feuilles mortes sur l'eau d'un étang." One is instantly conscious of that pool upon whose languid surface the dead leaves float, and in a flash you feel that our half-expressed or discarded states of consciousness are as "dead leaves" that idly drift in the backwaters of our being. Throughout his various books such imagery is not infrequent. What if his *élan vital* be but another "vital lie," of the kind Ibsen believed so necessary to our happiness, the "lie" that the brilliant thinker Jules de Gaultier has erected into a philosophical system which he calls "Le Bovaryisme"—the tendency of humanity to appear other than it is. People like to be told they are "free"; that life is a spontaneous outburst of optimism; that the intellect is not the chief of the human organism, the brain only a telephonic "central"; that intuition is superior to cerebration, and all the rest of the gorgeous bric-à-brac of this Parisian jeweller in philosophic phrases. But he has only set up one more conceptual idol in the metaphysical pantheon—the idol of Time, so long neglected for its fellow-fetish Space. Time is an Absolute for Bergson, who otherwise detests the Absolute, even insinuating that nature abhors an Absolute. Time is the *idée mère* of his work. It is also his one noteworthy contribution to contemporary thought. It's magnificent, but it's metaphysics. And it always will be metaphysics—which if expelled from the door comes down the chimney. Paul Bourget says somewhere "On

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revient toujours de ses voyages d'oubli," and it is difficult to withstand the witchery of Bergson's adventures in the caves of the thought-idols. We are reminded of those old *fantoccini* hoary with age, Time and Space and Causality, or the Ego and the Non-Ego, all capitalized, and recalling the thrill metaphysical of our youth. And to-day both terms are as empty of significance as the verbalism of dusty, forgotten schools. As William James wrote, " Conjunctions, prepositions, and adverbs play indeed a vital part in all philosophies; and in contemporary idealism the words ' as ' and ' quâ ' bear the burden of reconciling metaphysical unity with phenomenal diversity." Bergson plays with his dialectic as does the Playboy of the Western World with his competitors. Not precisely a " vicious " circle of reasoning is his, rather let us say, in medical parlance, a " benign " circle; which simply means that the *élan vital* is life because it's lively. All metaphysicians are mythomaniacs, though their myths are as a rule more verbalistic than conceptual. However, Bergson is not altogether the victim of his own verbal virtuosity; the faulty method of appraising him is to blame. He has been adjudged an absolutely original thinker. He is not; indeed, the poet and myth-maker that is in him runs a close second with his metaphysic. All said and done, he is as much of an idealist as the next one, and to alter good old Sir Thomas Browne, he sees men not as trees, walking, but as images, flowing; he also declares that " the mechanism of our ordinary knowledge is of a cinematographical kind." Truly, a " mechanistic " image.

Henri Bergson is a hard-working professor, born at Paris, October 18, 1859. He entered the École Normale in 1878, took his degree in 1881, and was made doctor in letters in 1889. Since 1900 he has been professor at the Collège de France, and in 1901 became a member of the Institute on his election to the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. His *Essai sur les données immediates de la conscience* (Paris, 1889) translated into English as *Time and Free Will,* is in our opinion the most valuable of his works, containing as it does the matrix of his ideas on Time and written in a more austere style than his better-known books. *Matter and Memory* followed (1896),

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with (1907) the favorite *L'Évolution Créatrice* (Creative Evolution). The success of his writings has been universal, and in the English world largely due to the praise of the late William James—to my way of thinking a profounder philosopher than Bergson, and the possessor of a simpler and more searching rhetoric.

Mankind longs for a definite "yes" or "no" in answer to the eternal enigmas, and Bergson is a yes-sayer. He tells us in his supple, caressing prose that we need not be determinists or believers in the automaton theory, that life is continually creative, that we are, in our individual way, gods fashioning our own destinies, and much more that sounds suspiciously like the old-fashioned teleological argument. And in our century, "famous for its incoherences," this "spiritualisme en spirale" of Bergson, as Remy de Gourmont wittily puts it, has attracted the amateur philosopher, as well as the idle of intellect, cultured, curious women, the crowd without spiritual ballast, the whole flock of mystic, emotional, artistic and semi-religious folk that are seeking for the unique sign, the objective frame, the message from Beyond. Bergson is their pet planet for the moment, that Zarathustra speaks of: "Between two seas, between what is past and what is to come." Mysticism, with a *nuance* of sentimentality, has poked its nose once more into the crib of philosophy, demanding its share of flattery and sustenance.

## II

Imperial-minded Goethe reserved for philosophy but a small province in his vast intellectual kingdom. He loathed "thinking about thought," and made Mephisto tell the scholar: "Grau, teurer, Freund, ist alle Theorie," though he did not fail to study Spinoza his life long. Yet his spinning spirit sings to Faust: "So schaff ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit Und wirkte der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid." That living garment of the deity is composed of Time and Space—and as many categorical imperatives as the ingenuity of philosophers can invent. Those are the convenient—and fictive—forms by which we apprehend the sensuous universe. Bergson lays the stress on Time as the more

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important factor in the understanding of life. Too long has the world been regarded through spatial spectacles; science has recognized Space more than it has Time. Time is not abstract, declares Bergson; it is concrete, real. He says: "My mental state, as it advances on the road of time, is continually swelling with the duration which it accumulates: it goes on increasing—rolling upon itself, as a snowball on the snow. It is a mistake to tie together our conscious states as manifestations of some ego. Time is all that connects them; indeed they *are* time. As regards the physical life unfolding beneath the symbols which conceal it, we may readily perceive that time is just the stuff it is made of. . . . There is, moreover, no stuff more resistant nor more substantial."

No denial here of objective reality; all is solidly concrete in a concrete world, far different from the "timeless block universe" of the absolutists. Time is a living thing. The original impetus of life is the fundamental cause of variations. This impetus is conscious. Its vital matter is the impediment, and its collision with the living stream, the resistance overcome, causes creation. Wherever this flows it organizes matter. The greater the resistance the more complex the resulting organism. Evolution is continually creative. It is now and everywhere. "Life seems to have succeeded in this by dint of humility, by making itself very small and very insinuating, bending to physical and chemical forces, consenting even to go part of the way with them." Life at the outset—but was there ever a beginning, M. Bergson, you who so dislike the idea of finalism?—was "possessed of the tremendous internal push that was destined to raise them—specks of protoplasm—even to the highest forms of life." The opponents of our philosopher contend that while his erudition is undeniable his inferences from facts observed are faulty; that his employment of analogies is specious—what have snowballs and Time in common? Snow accumulates while rolling, but does Time? Furthermore, he too often sets up a metaphysical man of straw so as to overturn it, and then triumphantly concludes that because he upsets one theory his own is necessarily truthful. Which objections cannot be contravened. Bergson has mastered much science and presses it into the service

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of his theories. But he has not proved his case any more than, say, Büchner with his *Kraft und Stoff*. What is really the difference between Bergson and Büchner? The latter is the apostle of Matter and Force. More metaphysics, as metaphysical as the Becoming (which suggests Renan's *Fieri*) of Bergson. All such phrases are symbols of *là bas* that we shall never know.

In *Matter and Memory* he writes: "Truth no longer represents our past to us, it *acts* it." (The italics are his.) "Itself an image, the body cannot store up images; and this is why it is a chimerical enterprise to seek to localize past or even present perceptions in the brain; they are not in it; it is the brain that is in them. . . . My past gnaws into the present." Isn't this mediæval scholasticism *redivivus!* All consideration of Free-Will must be in Time, not Space. "Can Time," he asks, "be adequately represented by Space? To which we answer, Yes, if you are dealing with Time flown; No, if you speak of Time flowing . . . all the difficulties of the problem and the problem itself arise from the desire to endow duration with the same attributes as extensity, to interpret a succession by a simultaneity, and to express the idea of freedom in a language into which it is obviously untranslatable." We prefer to make these quotations rather than risk blurring the brilliancy of the original thought by transposition. Bergson is obsessed by the idea of a temporal, not a spatial, universe. Old Father Time is in the saddle again after being so long deposed by the *Critique* of Kant. The image of a focal point, our normal consciousness, imperceptible, shading into a fringe at the periphery, is arresting, for it is that "fringe" from which we draw, as from a reservoir,—never mind the mixed metaphor—our vision of life. Consciousness, he asserts, is almost independent of cerebral structure. He has been challenged to offer proofs of this existence apart from cerebral structure. But he has not yet given a definite answer. His Time is a clock-face that is always pointing to the high noon of eternity. Real Bergsonism is cosmic rhythm. He has in this respect the innocence of the ear, yet he knows that no two clocks ever strike simultaneously. The new mysticism is here. The subconscious as a reservoir for the eternal certitudes is not missing; but the old verbal coun-

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ters are used in the interest of a new obscurantism. He seriously subordinates the intellect to a minor rôle in his doctrine of Instinct; the intellectual operations are of less value than Intuition or Sympathy; yet he rather illogically objects to the agnosticism of Huxley—that humble student of truth revealed by science. The "new" theory of Free Will—which Bergson handles rather gingerly—as a concomitant of his Vital Impulse, is, frankly speaking, a more terrifying metaphysical monster than the old fashioned and elaborately embellished Determinism. We wonder what Hartmann would say to the subtle transposition of his Unconscious in the "Fringe" theory of Bergson. Or, Professor Münsterberg. Curiously enough, with all his assumption of libertarianism, Bergson's human is much more of an automaton than the man of the Cartesian formula.

He doesn't subscribe to Réné Quinton's ingenious contention that birds followed vertebrates in the procession of evolutionary existence on our globe; nevertheless he declares the instinct of bees and ants is actually superior to human intelligence when he interprets the meaning of "life." Withal, in his depreciation of the intellect and his charming *plaidoyer* for the intuitive process—the subordination of the highest nervous centres to the lower ones—Bergson is the most signal example of rampant "intellectualism"—mollified by a romantic rhetoric—that has put pen to paper during the past quarter of a century. This literary son of Renan bows to none in the matter of phrase-making, except Maurice Barrès—that verbal Chopin, who sings the swan song of Lorraine in such surpassingly dolorous and delicious tones. But the seeming pellucidity of Bergson's style is often dangerously misleading; his ideas are not always pellucid; indeed, there are phantasms in this much-vaunted prose with its shining photosphere, and its formidable shadows, in which lurk all sorts of metaphysical hobgoblins; the Boyg of Ibsen is there, the old Nominalism, and the "Buffoon of the new Eternities," and a little rose-water—the Bergson metaphysic is not lacking in perfume; that is why his philosophy is allied to feminism, with its sympathetic divinations and intuitive reactions. Sensual mathematics, all this, and an Icarus-like attempt to fly into the Fourth Dimension of Space. An excur-

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sion to Laputa, there to interview its philosophers, or the Struldbugs of Swift, might produce more topsy-turvy ideation than Bergsonism; but why should we go further?

"We are rarely free," yet if free-will endures but an instant we are always free. Renan advises us to act as if we were really possessed of free-will. "Duration as Duration, Motion as Motion, elude the grasp of mathematics . . . of Time everything slips through its fingers but simultaneity, and of movement everything but immobility." (*Time and Free-will.*) But Bergson could also write: "In the Absolute we live and move and have our being." (*Creative Evolution,* pp. 199.) "In reality, life is a movement, materiality is the inverse movement, and each of these two movements is simple, the matter which forms a world being an undivided flux, and undivided also the life that runs through it, cutting in it living beings all along the track." The image of a prow sharply cutting the stream of consciousness,—the waters of life—and creating as it swims, is poetical and apposite. It may survive the Bergsonism of Bergson; but not so novel an idea, as one finely expressed. Didn't Harald Höffding say that we live forward, we understand backward? From Heraclitus to Newman the student encounters variations of this imagery, on the theme of the identity of the living universe. "He who tastes a crust of bread has tasted of the universe, even to the farthest star," wrote Paracelsus. And Leopardi said, "All the ages have been and will be more or less periods of transition; since human society never stands still, nor will there ever be an age in which it will be stationary." Someone averred that Bergson reasons about Free Will as the astronomers before Copernicus reasoned on the movements of the sky. His Intuition is not as convincing as the Illative Sense of John Henry Newman. In the *Grammar of Assent* Cardinal Newman wrote: "His progress—man's—is a living growth, not a mechanism; and its instruments are mental acts, not the formulas and contrivances of language." But didn't Pascal exclaim: "The heart hath its reasons," and the heart—or Sympathy, Intuition—may decide when the intellect can go no further. Ludwig Feuerbach, who occupied the philosophic affections of Richard Wagner before he lost them to Schopenhauer, once

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wrote: "God was my first idea. Reason my second and Man my third and last thought. Man is alone and must be our God. No salvation outside of Man." (Over-capitalization of words is another vice of philosophers, which Professor James did not include in his list of their defects.) Bergson seemingly would restore Man to his former anthropocentric position in the scheme of things—though shorn of his intellectual primacy. Yet he insists that he is not an idealist. While not being the pronounced Pluralist that William James is, he thinks that the conceptual vision of the Absolute is lacking in the largeness of rhythm, or rhythmic periods, which characterize Pluralism. The consciousness of our present is overflowed by the memory of our past. There is no Now in the old sense of the word. This fluidity of a real Time—not a metaphysical abstract—is the best thing in the Bergson philosophy. It is a suggestive idea. And what a fairyland is metaphysics, a million times more romantic and thrilling than any fiction; indeed, the most entrancing fiction in literature, both ancient and modern, is philosophy. Fancy such an astounding assertion as "instinct brings us into closest tie with the universe." Bees and ants ought then to be the masters of mankind. Even the meticulous guinea-pig has as good a chance to win in the evolutionary race as the Eleatic tortoise had with Achilles. Perhaps the time may come when metaphysics will occupy the same relative position to real thought that astrology does to astronomy to-day. But Pascal's Abysm—the Unknowable—will always be at the side of mankind to disquiet or terrify him. Hence the world will secretly listen to the voice of the philosopher who cries aloud in the darkness: "Lo, I, alone, am the bearer of the light that never dies!"

## III

Some objections:—William James writes in his *A Pluralistic Universe,* "Intellectualism has its source in the faculty which gives us our chief superiority to the brutes, namely of translating the crude flux of merely feeling-experience into a conceptual order." He admits that, "We of course need a stable scheme of concepts, stably related to one another, to lay

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hold of our experiences and to coördinate them withal." In his *The Thing and Its Relations* (the volume above quoted, p. 351) writing of the intellect he goes further, "It originated as a practical means of serving life; but it has developed incidentally the function of understanding absolute truth; and life itself now seems to be given chiefly as a means by which that function may be prosecuted. But truth and the understanding of it lie among the abstracts and universals, so the intellect now carries on its higher business wholly in this region without any need of redescending into pure experience again." (1905.) Where does Bergsonism come in here? "Absolute truth!" James has confessed that the Bergson philosophy was not all as a lantern shining on a dark pathway; perhaps he scented its latent "spiritualism." But what does all this verbal hair-splitting mean to us in actual life? What an Ixion wheel! Monism or Pluralism? Idealism or Realism? Under which king? A comma instead of a semi-colon may wreck a philosophic system. There are those who believe that the misreading of a holy book gave birth to a mighty religion. The very structure of our cerebral organ forces us to think by associating disjointed ideas. Nevertheless, the mechanistic theory has the authority of experience, and even if James does define Empiricism as meaning "the habit of explaining wholes by parts, and rationalism means the habit of explaining the parts by wholes," (and strictly speaking neither one nor the other "explains") we must pin our faith, not to metaphysics, but to the more tangible results of science which move slowly but surely. Modern philosophy has always trailed science like a crow the furrow of a well-sown field, picking here and there a seed. Bergson makes a great show of reverently following the tenets of science but, at the first opportunity, flies off on a fiery-winged tangent to the land of metaphysical Nowhere, a cuckoo-cloud land. He has imagination, though not much humor; in the ironical presentation of the adversary's case he lags far behind William James. His system—though he disclaims having any—is impressionistic; it also straddles between the real and the ideal, and flirts with both the mechanistic and the metaphysical. In his Huxley lecture at the University of Birmingham (1911) he concluded that "in man, though in man

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alone, consciousness pursues its path beyond this earthly life." Shades of Thomas Huxley!

We may find some of the ideas of Professor Bergson in the works of Émile Boutroux ("De la contingence des lois de la nature," 1874) and also in Rénouvier. The germs of his leading ideas may be discovered in Nietzsche—that sworn foe of metaphysics. When he has given us his projected Ethic, we shall see what bearing his philosophy has upon the nature of judgments—as a pragmatic reason about the chief use for the art of philosophizing. His Æsthetic, too, will surely prove of interest, judging from his essay on *Laughter* (*Le Rire,* 1910). In it are swift if not satisfactory generalizations, and a plentiful lack of humor, together with much polished writing. I prefer George Meredith's less metaphysical but more illuminative essay on Comedy.

Bergsonism is riddled with paradox, yet it is stimulating as just another multicolored picture of the universe painted by a man in whom the philosophical play-instinct (in Schiller's sense) is elevated to a fine art. For him the vast hinterland of metaphysics, the "unknowable" of philosophy, the Fourth Dimension of Space, is a happy hunting-ground, where with his highly burnished metaphysical weapons he pops away at Time and Space and other strange fauna of that misty and tremendous region. He exhibits the daring of the hardy adventurer, and he occasionally returns with a trophy worth while, but always heavily laden with rare flora. All the rest is metaphysics. As his philosophy is mainly an affair of images—delicately interrelated mosaics, fairy-like structures, and dazzling mental mirages—its study naturally begets images. That is why I have called the image-maker, Henri Bergson, the Playboy of Western Philosophy.

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# THE REPUBLIC

## Madison Cawein

NOT they the great,
Who build authority around a State,
And firm on calumny and party hate
Base their ambition. Nor the great are they,
Who with disturbance make their way,
Mindful of but to-day,
And individual ends that so compel
They know not what they do, yet do it well.
But they the great
Who sacrifice their honor for the State,
And set their seal
Upon the writing consecrate
Of time and fate;
That says he suffered for a People's weal:
Or, calm of soul and eye,
Helped to eliminate
The madness that makes progress its wild cry,
And for its policy
Self, a divinity,
That on illusions thrives,
And knows not whither its desire drives
Till on the rocks its headlong vessel rives.

## II

God of the wise,
On Whom the People wait,
And Who at last all evils wilt abate,
Make Thou more keen men's eyes:
Let them behold how Thou at length wilt bring,
From turmoil and confusion now that cling
About the Nation's feet,
Order and calm and peace,
With harmony of purpose, wing to wing,—



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As out of Chaos sprang
Light and its co-mate Law, when loud Thy summons rang,—
High instruments of power never to cease,
Spirits of destiny,
Who from their lofty seat
Shall put down hate and strife's insanity,
And all contentions old that eat
The country to the quick;
And Common-Sense, the Lion-Heart, now sick,
Forth from his dungeon cell
Go free,
With Song, his bold Blondel;
And, stretching forth a stalwart arm
To laboring land and sea,
With his glad coming warm
The land to one accord, one sympathy
Of soul; whose strength shall stand
For something more than gold to all the land,
Making more sure the ties
Of freedom and equality,
And Progress, who, unto the watchful skies,
Unfurls his banner, and with challenging hand
Leads on the world's emprise.

III

God of the just and wise,
Behold, why is it that our mortal eyes
Are not more open to the good that lies
Around our feet?—the blessings in disguise
That go with us about our daily deeds,
Attending all our needs?
Why is it that, so rich and prodigal,
We will complain
Of Nature—her whose liberal hand,
Summer and spring and fall,
Pours out abundance on the land?
Cotton and oil and grain.—

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O God, make men more sane!
Help them to understand,
And trust in her who never failed her due;
Who never camped with Famine and his crew,
Or made ally
Of the wild House of old Calamity!
But always faithfully,
Year after generous year,
From forth her horn of plenty, without fail,
Poured big abundance.—What did lies avail,
Or what did fear
To make her largess less?—They who descry,
Raising a hue and cry,
Disaster's Harpies darkening the sky
Each month that comes and goes, are they not less
In insight than the beasts of hill and field,
Who take no worry, knowing Earth will yield
Her usual harvest; a sufficiency
For all and more: yea, even enough to bless
The Sons of Greed, who make a market of lies
And blacken blessings unto credulous eyes,
Turning them curses, till on every hand
They see, as Speculation sees,
God's benedictions,—rain and sun and snow,—
Working destruction in the land,
The camping-ground of old hostilities,
Changing all joy to woe
With visitations of her wrath withal,
Proclaiming her, our mother Nature, foe,
Undeviating, to our hopes below,—
Nature, who never yet has failed to bless us all.

## IV

By the long leagues of cotton Texas rolls,
And Mississippi bolls;
By the wide seas of wheat
The far Dakotas beat

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Against the barriers of the mountainland:
And by the miles of maize
Nebraska lays
Like a vast carpet in
Her House of Nights and Days,
Where, glittering, in council meet
The Spirits of the Cold and Heat,
With old Fertility whose heart they win:
By all the wealth replete,
Within our scan,
From Florida to where the snows begin,
Made manifest of Nature unto Man,—
Behold,
The Land is as a mighty scroll unrolled,
Whereon God writes His name
In harvest: green and gold
And russet making fair, as oft of old,
Each dædal part He decorates the same
With splendors manifold
Of mountains and of rivers, fruits and flowers;
Sealing each passage of the rubric Hours
With esoteric powers
Of life and love, and all their mystery,
Thro' which men yet may see
The truth that shall refute the fool that cries,
"God has forgot us and our great emprise!"

V

Of elemental mold
God made our country, wombing her with gold,
And veining her with copper, iron, and coal,
Making her strong for her appointed goal.
High on her eagled peaks His rainbow gleams
Its mighty message: in her mountain streams
His voice is heard: and on the wind and rain
Ride potencies
And portents of His purpose, while she dreams

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Of great achievements, great activities,
And, weariless of brain,
From plain to busy plain,
And peak to plateau, with unresting hand,
Along the laboring land,
She speeds swift train on train,
Feeling the urge in her of energies,
That bear her business on
From jubilant dawn to dawn,
From where the snow makes dumb
Alaskan heights, to where, like hives of bees,
The prairies hum
With cities; while around her girdling seas
Ships go and come,
Servants and slaves of her vast industries.

VI

And He, who sits above,
And, watching, sees
Her dreams become great actualities,—
Out of His love
Will He continue to bestow
Blessings upon her, even more and more,
Until their store
Shall pass the count of all the dreams we know?—
Why heed
The sordid souls that worship Greed?
The vampire lives that feed,
Feast and grow fat
On what they name the Proletariat;
Wringing with blood and sweat,
From forth the nation's muscle, heart, and brain,
The strength that keeps her sane:
They too shall have their day and cease to be.
Ignoble souls, who for a market set
Before the People's eyes
A scarecrow train

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Of fabrications,—rumors, antic lies
Of Havoc and Calamity,—
Panic appearances of Famine, War,
That for the moment bar
The path of Truth and work their selfish gain.

VII

God of the simple and the wise,
Grant us more light; and lead
The great adventure to its mighty end!
From Thy o'erarching skies
Still give us heed,
And make more clear the way that onward lies.
Not wealth now is her need,
The great Republic's, but the Dream as well as Deed,
The Dream of Beauty which shall so descend
From Thee and with her inmost being blend,
That it shall help her cause
More than all man-made laws . . .

VIII

Now, for her soul's increase,
And spirit's peace,
Curb the bright dæmon Speed;
Grant her release
From strife; and let the joy that springs
From love of lowly things
Possess her thought, and plead
For work that counts for something to the heart,
And grows immortal part
Of life—the work called Art:
And let Love lead
Her softly all her days; with quiet hand
Sowing the fruitful land
With faery seed
Of wisdom from which blossoms shall expand

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Of vital Beauty, and her fame increase
More than the wealth of all the centuries.

## IX

God of the wise,
The meek and humble, who still look to Thee,
Holding to sanity
And truth and purpose of the great emprise,
Keep her secure,
The great Republic; let her course be sure,
And, in detraction's spite,
Unquestionably right!
And in the night,
If night there must be, light for her a light
To guide her safely thro' the strife,
The conflict of her soul, with passion rife.
Raise up some man of might,
Whose mind shall put down storm and strain of life
And kindle anew the lamp whose light shall burn
Forever thro' Earth's storms,
Lighting the world, bidding it to her arms,
Across the gulf of all the centuries
Of tyrannies
And wrongs and hatreds, on her heart to learn
To hush its heart's alarms.

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# THE SCARLET WOMAN

## *Ancient and Modern Laws Against Her*

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

"STONE her to death," was the verdict of the fierce ethics of the ancient Jews. Against that verdict at last, out of the heart of Judaism itself, came the Voice, vibrant with a new compassion and a finer justice, "let him that is without sin cast the first stone." That Voice is still echoing through the newer ethics, personal and social, and is helping to bring the prostitute into consideration as no longer "outcast," but at last a recognized member of the human family. That ancient Jewish law, it must be noted, was enforced only for the sake of race purity and the cleansing from sin of the people of Jehovah. The law ascribed to Moses, "Do not prostitute thy daughter: there shall be no harlot of the daughters of Israel," did not apply to foreign women; and horrible suggestions were involved in the commands to "slay the enemies taken in battle . . . all but the virgins."

The command of Moses was but a part of the social system that made concubinage and sex-slavery of the "stranger woman within the gates" an accompaniment of the domestic order that protected the family from pollution of its wives and mothers. It was not prostitution as a moral wrong for men and women alike, and equally for those of all nations, that was forbidden; but prostitution of the wives and daughters of the chosen people "whose seed should inherit the earth" and must be kept pure for the task of world-leadership. The Bible is full of proof, however, that the religious genius of the Jewish people struggled heroically with all forms of sexual disorder; and no account of the "strange woman, with the attire of the harlot, and subtle of heart," leading astray the "young man void of understanding," as a "fool to the correction of the stocks," equals in vividness that of the picture contained in Proverbs. The Jewish bride had to prove her chastity at marriage, and the Jewish father, although he might sell his daughter as concubine to a decent man,



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must protect her from outrage. Yet were the harlots a recognized class in Jewish life; and Rahab, who furnished shelter to Joshua's spies, received full and honorable recognition for her services, and was allotted a residence in Judea, with no hint conveyed in the account that she was required to give up her business. In spite, however, of facts showing that the Jewish people were voluptuous, and that the maidens of that race, when in Babylon, were favorites of the conquering nobles, all historians agree that there was more detestation of prostitution as a personal sin and national degradation, and more effort to check and to abolish it among the Jewish than among other ancient peoples. It was this ethical revolt against personal pollution that so often appeared in passionate form among the Jewish prophets and which passed over into the Christian faith.

In the ancient world the main root and trunk of sex-relationship was the family tree; the stability of the family; the certainty of the paternity of offspring; the right upbringing of the children by virtuous mothers. These considerations worked to establish the severest penalties for adultery of "the married or espoused woman"; for the despoiling of the daughters of nobles and freemen; and for the seduction of such appropriated and protected women by debauched men. Other forms of immorality were looked at as either a matter of course or as slight departures from the right way of life; and their punishment not attempted. On either side of the family-tree strange growths appeared in the ancient world. On one side were cults of religion, which dedicated women to the prostitution of temple services; and on the other side the irregular passions of individuals leading to unbridled license in sex-relationship, outside both the temple and the home.

The Jews seem first and most clearly of all the peoples of ancient time to have become able to separate all sense of mortal passion from the God-idea and therefore so to cleanse their worship as to make the cults of their neighbors seem an "abomination unto the Lord." Hence, although the Jewish practice might allow prostitution with the foreign woman, any sharing with her of the obscene rites of "false gods" was punished as severely as was the fall from virtue of a Jewish wife. That ancient phallic

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worship, still so widespread and so degenerating in its effects, surrounded the Jewish people on all sides. Their own early life was permeated with it. Their history is in large part the dramatic story of the emancipation of the infant mind of the race from sensualism in religion. That cry "Stone her to death, no daughter of Israel shall sin," was a great step upward from the temple worship of Mylitta of Chaldea, where every woman must prostitute herself for once at least to any stranger who might ask her, in the name of the god, to whom must be devoted as a sacred coin the price received for this temple service! The terrible penalties of the Jewish law were directed against religious cults and temple practices that needed fierce opposition. This early revolt from a sensual God-ideal, this early conception of a Righteousness and Purity enthroned on high, was the one great gift of the Jewish people to the human race. That this gift was at first inconsistent in many of its manifestations, and for ages cruelly unjust to women in its one-sided demands and partial penalties, is proof only of its primitive quality.

The treatment of prostitutes by most ancient peoples belongs to the history of "regulation" and of permissive restraints, aimed only at excesses of sex-indulgence deemed injurious to health, or to the decent order of public life or to the legal autonomy of the family. It is true that some earlier laws of the Greeks stigmatized prostitution itself as degrading; and Vedic commands, antedating all those laws of Manu which so degraded womanhood, show a fine sense of virtue which cannot abide impurity. Our civilization, however, in so far as it has looked upon the "social evil" as a sin, and the Scarlet Woman as deserving of punishment, has fibred itself upon two roots; one, the ethics of Judaism against harlotry as a profession, no matter how carefully followed; and the other, that strain of Germanic reverence for women which leads toward high ideals of a marriage that brooks no rivals near its throne.

In Saxony the adulteress "stripped to the girdle, was driven out of her husband's house and whipped upon the streets of the village until she died." Her paramour might be legally slain by the husband or father of the sinful woman. The Goths gave a woman permission to "divorce her husband for sodomy or for

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forcing her to adultery as a means of gain"; although, as in the Roman law, the husband's own immorality constituted no legal crime against the wife. The pith of all laws against the married woman's wrong-doings lay in the husband's right over her. A man who seduced the wife was punished—and often by death—not for his wrong against the woman, or for his act as sinful in itself, but as one guilty of invasion of another man's right and of injury to another man's property. As an old English law puts it, "If a free man be with a free man's wife, let him pay for it with his wergeld and provide another wife with his own money and bring her to the other";—that is to say, the guilty woman being usually slain or banished, her place of service and company must be made good. If a free man aspired to an amour with a woman above his station he must pay doubly, and might be killed with impunity by the angry husband or father, and the woman involved suffer the same fate of death or exile. So great was the demand for the chastity of *married* women among some people that in the tenth century of our era a sovereign of Wales decreed that a "husband might righteously eject from his home the wife who had given a single kiss to any man but himself"; and adultery of the woman of a good family "left no room for divorce," says Jeffreason, "as she was killed." In primitive society, where all are married, the supply of "scarlet women" must come largely from the seduction of the younger, or the fall from virtue of the older *wives;* a condition, therefore, in which that supply was so curtailed by the death penalty must materially affect the number of prostitutes. But banishment would almost invariably lead to immorality as a profession in some other city; and "foreign women," in all periods of social development, have been considered fair prey. Even to-day the traffic in womanhood is largely, in every country, with the women of other lands.

Christianity, compounded of Jewish ethics, Greek thought, Roman law, and Germanic impulses to freedom and individual responsibility, tried in its beginning to do two things: i.e., to abolish the worship of gods who desired the dedication of women to sensual service; and to make private immorality a forbidden sin, alike to men and to women. The attack upon women sinners, and upon those who obliged women to sin, was along

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the line of least resistance and hence the first to be followed aggressively. The prostitute and the panderer were punished before any penalty was attached to man's immorality. Among the laws of the Goths concerning a " free woman obliged by force to practise prostitution " is one which requires the man involved, " if free, to pay 6 ounces in gold and receive 50 strokes of the whip," and if he is a serf, " when he acts by command of the lord," the latter shall pay for him the sum a free man in similar case would be obliged to pay. This did not release the woman involved from danger of public whipping, expulsion from the city or sale as a slave.

The Spanish law of King Flavio Rescindo on " women of the country, free or slave " makes sharp distinction between the prostitution of free and serf women. If free women adopt this practice " publicly, very often, and in a way of which proof may be given, receiving many men brazenly," this law orders the lord of the city to seize them and publicly inflict 300 strokes of the whip. For a second offence the penalty is the same, and in addition they may be given as slaves " to some worthless individual " and both be expelled from the city. In recognition of family responsibility in the matter, if it could be proved that the parents of the woman commanded her to live this life and " lived on her earnings, each of them should receive 100 strokes of the whip." By this same law it was ordered that a slave woman prostitute " should be seized, given the penalty of 300 lashes and also branded upon the forehead," and her owner required to send her " to live far from the city or to sell her outside its walls." If the lord failed to obey this order, " he should receive 50 strokes of the whip; or if it is proved that she committed the adultery for his profit he shall receive the strokes of the whip like a slave," and for a second offence the slave woman, like the free, may be sold as a slave to some " worthless individual and both be exiled from the city." The social thrift displayed in thus ridding the city of two troublesome people at once indicates the reason for the persistence of banishment as a convenient form of punishment. This ancient law gave full power to free fathers and free husbands to avenge their honor by killing both adulteresses and their companions in sin. In it also the judges are required to pursue the public pros-

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titutes, to secure their seizure and punishment, and if they were not diligent in this matter the lord of the city was required to give the judges " 100 strokes of the whip and in addition to pay a fine of 30 sols in the name of the King."

An ancient royal law of Spain throws special light upon the temper and ideals of early Christianity. In that law rape, which results in the death of a " single woman," is punished by a fine of 100 maravedis and imprisonment; even when the crime is not " fully consummated." The penalty of death may be awarded, also, " to him or to those who assemble to commit the crime of fornication " (a law evidently aimed at the remaining evidences of phallic worship); and parents who consent to the daughter's outrage are also to receive punishment. The severest penalties of this law are directed against the " woman procuress " who " in the service of any man, or any married woman or newly married woman," shall interfere with domestic fidelity. " She shall be imprisoned " and all parties be " left in the power of the aggrieved husband for him to decide what he shall do, but he shall leave them life and shall not strike them without legal procedure." The death of the procuress may follow legal proof of her evil offices. " If she lives she forfeits the fourth part of her possessions if they are more than 200 maravedis, and, if less, she shall remain in prison during the fourth part of the year."

The mediæval laws of Christendom prove that the first impulse of the new religion was against all prostitution; was severely punitive against all sinful women and all those who forced them into sin; was more nearly equal in its treatment by law and custom of male and female wrongdoers than any previous codes or practices had been; and had for its central purpose elevation of the people to a pure and self-restrained plane of being. Above all the condemnation of the procurer was new in extent of legal punishment and social ostracism. The Roman " leno " was despised but not severely punished; but the panderer and the trafficker in women of early Christendom was subject to punishments varying from confiscation of property, fine, expulsion from the city, public whipping, the penalty of death for those who " forced widows or virgins by deceiving them," or " bartered women " for the market of vice, or " detained as cap-

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tives" in vicious houses "women who sought their freedom" and to "live honestly." On husbands acting as procurers for their own wives, or men or women offering to buy, or buying, for immoral purposes, "married women or members of a religious order," the death penalty was especially enjoined. In the Principality of Catalonia the law of Don Juan I in 1389 contains specific provisions of punishment, such as the expulsion of all procurers, men and women.

The earlier laws, both before and after this era, required the harlot to dress distinctively in order that she might never be confounded with the women of the "honest" class. The "short scarlet mantle" required to be worn by the Spanish prostitute of the Middle Ages was preceded by the dress of "flowered stuff" which was the required costume of Greek courtesans and the natural or dyed "blonde hair" which further distinguished them from the dark-haired native of Italy; and the Romans demanded that all public women wear upon the arm a knot of yellow, and later of white, to show their profession. The first object seemed to be to mark off and differentiate the irregular from the virtuous women by such distinctive dress and color of hair. But the later laws against the Scarlet Woman—those which took their rise in Christian civilization—have all forbidden her wearing anything which would reveal her calling to the stranger. She must in no manner draw attention to herself; and that because any dress, or action differing from those of virtuous women, would create scandal by declaring her presence among the people. In either case, where a distinctive dress has been required or where it has been forbidden, the object has been the same; to satisfy a social standard in relation to the prostitute, rather than any consideration of her as a person needing either protection or care. If it has seemed better for the family and safer for men that she should be made conspicuous and set apart as a special class in a segregated place, there has been no scruple as to whether or not this course tended to make permanent women-slaves of occasional women sinners. If the needs of the family and the safety of men seemed best served by refusing to allow any publicity to public women as an aid to their business, then there has been no scruple in forbidding them as individuals to solicit patrons in a trade

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which they were expected to continue, and which was so liberally supported that it could afford the largest expenditure for police protection of any of the commerce of the under-world.

The history of the Old World and of the Middle Ages, although widely fluctuating between the record of dire punishments for sex-crimes and for vice on the one hand, and the account of State monopolies of enormous revenues and of Church subsidies of great value in the area of permitted prostitution on the other hand, shows one thread of entire consistency. That thread is the unchanged belief that the uses to which women of all classes might properly and legally be put could be determined by right by the judgment of men. Whether the sinning woman should be stoned to death, or driven from her city and home; or encouraged by law to mortgage her favors to priests of the temple as vicegerents of sensual gods; or to visitors of the city whose trade was desired; or to preferred classes of men, such as nobles and "those of quality"; or condemned to serve all who demanded her company in regulated brothels and at a price fixed by government,—whatever the demand upon her or the penalty exacted from her, the Scarlet Woman has been the prey and the slave, the plaything and the football, the scapegoat and the abhorred delight of man. In the ancient world there was not even a pretence that any law concerning her was passed for her own benefit. With the dawn of new ideals of justice the tendency has been increasingly toward the view that an act requiring two participants cannot be a deadly sin for one, and only a mild peccadillo for the other; and hence laws against the sinful act, whoever commits it, have largely superseded those statutes directed solely against the "woman taken in sin." The practice of courts and of police, however, still keeps up the old discrimination even after the statutes have begun to write "he or she," "him and her," in an even-handed justice. The reports of "raids" against houses of ill repute still conceal the names of the men found in these places and record those of all the women, however young; and the men are generally dismissed to their homes with or without a "rebuke" or "warning," while the girl inmates are taken to court and sentenced to the workhouse or jail or reformatory as "misdemeanants."

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Not yet is any true sex-democracy attained, or even consciously sought, except among the moral élite, as the law of either legal marriage or its dark shadow, prostitution. Increasing devotion to social purity has too often shown itself only in outbursts of severity in the treatment of the woman sinner alone. As Henri Minod well says, "History shows that at different epochs there has been the desire to abolish by one blow and forever women of venal debauch." Charles VII ordered that they be burned alive. In 1245 Louis IX ordained that all such women should be flogged. In 1266 a decree of Venice required them all to be whipped and branded. In 1635 a general edict commanded that they should "flee the city and faubergs under penalty of being raided and banished from France forever without form of law." In 1496 an ordinance of the King of Denmark imposed upon all prostitutes the wearing of a bonnet or cap "half red and half black" as a public sign of their profession. In 1518 Francis I signed a document ordaining the destruction of Glatigny, which was then one of the principal haunts of vice in Paris. The people of the locality, "fearing that the King might be induced to change his edict before it was executed," armed themselves with shovels, picks, and other implements, and in twenty-four hours destroyed all the houses which had sheltered the women of vicious life. But "the destroyed houses were soon rebuilt," says the chronicler; "tradition stronger than royal decree preserved for debauchery the preferred quarters from which it had been willed to expel it; nothing less than the demolition of the whole city would suffice for purification." In 1574 Frederic II ordered the Municipality of Elsenor to send prostitutes to the whipping-post and cut their ears, and in case of a second offence to tie them in bags and drown them, and it is said, although not proved, that 800 such women were drowned at one time. In 1684 Louis XIV passed severe decrees against all women "openly and scandalously debauched." They were to wear rough woollen clothes and wooden shoes, have only bread, soup and water for food, a straw mattress only for bed with scant supply of blankets, "be made to work as hard and as long each day as their strength will stand," and the most violent and cruel punishment was freely used in their prison treatment. At about

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this period also in Strasburg the whipping-post and the slitting of noses followed the complaint of neighbors against such women, their household goods were confiscated and all manner of humiliation suffered.

The early legislation of the American Colonies showed the first marked tendency to treat men and women alike, and that with extreme severity of punishment for infringements of the laws against morality. In Plymouth Colony, which in many ways showed its tendency toward greater judicial clemency and a wiser treatment of criminals than that of the Mother Country, the death penalty for sexual vice was abolished. Protestantism was so deeply tinctured with Jewish ideals that an " eye for an eye " and a woman's life for treason to family purity had seemed to the leaders of this religious movement fitting punishment. Calvin had believed in and advocated the death penalty for the adulteress, but had added the same for the adulterer. In the Puritan Commonwealth the law required that a " man who had betrayed a virgin " should be excommunicated until he married her " if he legally could do so," or if already married, until he provided financially for her and for any possible offspring in a suitable manner. The same law punished the adultery of men and women equally by exile or imprisonment for life with especially severe penalties for " clerical delinquents." On this side of the water Protestantism, outside the Plymouth Colony, and Rhode Island, legally demanded the death penalty for adultery and especially for conjugal infidelity, but the law was not enforced. Men and women convicted of the crime were whipped and banished and their property confiscated, but, in the language of an early Colonial Judge, " lest the law had not been fully published in this new country," they were not sentenced to death. Plymouth, although from the first refusing the death penalty, invented the " Scarlet Letter " as a refinement of cruelty in punishing the Scarlet Woman. In 1639 we first trace this punishment, immortalized by the genius of Hawthorne, in the case of a woman sentenced to be " whipt at a cart tayle through the streets, and to weare a badge upon her left sleeve during her aboad within the place." If found at any time outside her home without this badge she was to be " burned in the face with a hot iron." In 1641 a man and

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a woman were severely whipped "at the publick post and condemned to wear the letters AD upon the outside of their uppermost garments in the most emenent place thereof." In 1658 the custom, already developed in judicial practice, became a statute law, "Whosouer shall commit adultery shall bee severely punished by whiping two severall times, once whiles the Court is in being at which they are convicted of the fact, and the second time as the Court shall order; and likewise to wear two Capital letters AD cut out in cloth and sewed on theire uppermost garment on theire arm or backe; and if at any time they shall bee taken without the said letters, whiles they are in the Government, *they shall be forwith taken and publickly whipt.*" New Hampshire copied this law in 1679-80 and down to its repeal in 1792 it was frequently enforced. In Rhode Island, where neither the death penalty nor the humiliating letters were in use, the culprit was "publickly set on the gallows in the Day Time with a rope about his or her neck for an hour, and on return from the gallows to the Gaol was publickly whipped on the naked back not exceeding thirty stripes, and must stand committed to the gaol until paying all costs of prosecution," including the fee for the public whipper. In Connecticut in 1673 a brand superseded the death penalty. The adulterer and adulteress were to be "Stigmatized or Burnt on the forehead with the letter A on a hot iron, each to wear a halter about the neck on the outside of their Garments during their abode in this Colony so as it may be visible," and if found without this halter they were to be whipped. The halter was also used in Massachusetts Bay Colony, but for rape only; and in 1764 the shameful letter was substituted for the death penalty by a statute which required "a Capital A two inches long and of proportional bigness cut out of cloth of contrary color to their cloathes and sewed upon the upper garments." We find abundant traces that although the sentence was equally aimed at the wrong-doing of men and of women, the man often escaped punishment. In 1730 in Boston, however, both a man and woman were sentenced to the lettered shame and again in 1752, and as late as 1782 a woman was sentenced to wear the letter "forever."

All these laws were evidence of the deep horror of the Pur-

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itan against vice in every form. They were, however, fruitless efforts to stamp out human weakness and degeneracy by means of cruel laws. Such efforts have always proved unavailing. The glory of the Colonial statutes was their aim at equality of penalty for sin for both sexes, and the fact that in statement, if not in practice, the law knew neither male nor female in the sin of unchastity. This was evidence that the democratic spirit of the new government had worked in toward domestic life.

The later legislation, which has become the law of the States of our Union, has been many-sided and widely varying, yet may be summed up in general tendency as follows: A distinction has been increasingly made between "fornication and adultery," the former being "unlawful carnal knowledge by an unmarried person of another, whether the latter is married or unmarried" and the latter "voluntary sexual intercourse of a married person with a person other than the offender's wife or husband." (Note Bouvier's *Law Dictionary,* pages 105 and 833.) The first, where both parties are married, in which case the act is adultery; the second, where the man is married and the woman unmarried, in which case it is adultery for him and fornication for her; in the third place, where the woman is married and the man unmarried, where it is usually adultery for her and usually fornication for him, but in some States (with distinct remnants of the old protection of the husband's rights, adultery for him also); and in the fourth place, where neither party is married, the act is designated by law as fornication only and so punished, if at all. In New York State the term adultery is made to cover all intercourse where either party is married to a third person.

Fornication, in the general use of the word, is made a criminal offence in thirty-nine States of the Union, the punishment, mild in comparison with the ancient laws, being imprisonment for three to six months and fines of from twenty to fifty dollars. Delaware, Louisiana and Tennessee are the only States that do not legally define adultery as an offence punishable by definite penalties. Prostitution has a definite standing in statute law as both a personal wrong-doing and an illegal business. The prostitute commits fornication, but also is commonly known to do it as a business, and becomes thereby a "public woman of a de-

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bauched class." Some of the States, like Indiana and Illinois, declare it to be a crime to "reside in or frequent a house of prostitution." Most States in statute, and all in general practice, require more than residence or visiting of such houses as ground for punishment; there must be also some unusual license in behavior deemed detrimental to good order, to subject either prostitutes or their patrons to arrest and imprisonment. The New York Penal Code forbids the keeping of a "lewd, ill-governed or disorderly house to the encouragement of fornication or other misbehavior." This law could well be so construed as to condemn any person who resided in, opened or maintained such a house of prostitution, however carefully and discreetly kept. It is usually construed, however, as meaning a house which becomes in an offensive manner a "public nuisance." The Code of Criminal Procedure of the same State declares a "Common prostitute who has no legal employment whereby to maintain herself" to be "a vagrant." As such she might be dealt with in a manner both humane as to her segregation from temptation, and socially helpful as to her removal from the place where she may tempt others. It is usually construed, however, in a manner most irrational, inhumane and socially harmful, by sentences for short terms to workhouses and jails, from which the woman emerges to do her evil work in a more destructive manner.

The present laws, court practice, and ill-regulated police control regarding the social evil reveal a varying ideal and method that result in "confusion worse confounded" in dealing with both the prostitute and her business. The old horror of the Scarlet Woman has sudden upheavals in ruthless "raids" and savage forms of punishment; as recently in Chicago, where hundreds of prostitutes have been turned into the streets as their haunts have been broken up by a spasm of moral indignation, and they set adrift without sufficient care or help; and again, as in the city of Atlanta, where after five days' notice immoral women have been "banished from the city," with no care taken by courts or citizens that they shall not infest a neighboring locality with a cupidity stimulated by this act of selfish vengeance.

The "short term sentence," which seems so merciful beside drowning, branding and public scourging, has been proved a

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deadly evil both for the individual and the State, and the tendency is now toward placing all youthful offenders under "indeterminate sentence" for extended care and control in a suitable reformatory institution, so that they may have time for physical, mental and moral recovery and for training toward self-support. Moreover the need for educational and economic reform in the care of girlhood is leading to a new form of "rescue-work," not to harbor the morally incurable but to save maidenhood from pollution. These elements of the subject must have treatment in later papers. In this brief survey stress is laid only on the progress of moral sentiment as shown in statutes punishing unchastity. In this particular a revolution has taken place, the depth and meaning of which is hardly yet understood. This revolution has changed the centre of gravity in the crusade for social purity from attempts to kill off or stamp out of existence the prostitute class by cruel punishment, to efforts to abolish the demand for her services, and to protect all womanhood against the horrible pressure of that demand. The Scarlet Woman is at last admitted to human rights. Society is no longer content to let her be the scapegoat for the sins of the people. The "woman taken in sin" shall hereafter not only be protected against the death penalty by the Voice that sternly demands that "he who is without sin cast the first stone"; she shall be studied and cared for as one upon whom has been unjustly visited the results of a permitted system growing out of a cherished indulgence of man. The lock-step partnership of prostitution with the saloon, the gambling house and centres of political graft has long been known, and in spasmodic action denounced. To-day we are adding a new consciousness of the connection between prostitution and the economic exploitation of young girls. To-day we have at last entered, consciously and of purpose only so far as the moral leadership of the race is concerned, but surely and increasingly, upon a new abolition movement. This new abolition movement is nothing less than a crusade to destroy the traffic in womanhood, to wipe out the commercialized brothel which demands that traffic, and to bring all the moral and educational forces of society to bear upon the suppression of the social evil.

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## WHERE IS DAVID, THE NEXT KING OF ISRAEL?

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

WHERE is David? . . . O God's people,
Saul has passed, the good and great.
Mourn for Saul the first anointed—
Head and shoulders o'er the state!

He was found among the prophets:
Judge and monarch, merged in one.
But the wars of Saul are ended
And the works of Saul are done.

Where is David, ruddy shepherd,
God's boy-king for Israel?
Mystic, ardent, dowered with beauty,
Singing where still waters dwell?

Prophet, find that destined minstrel
Wandering on the range to-day,
Driving sheep, and crooning softly
Psalms that cannot pass away.

"David waits," the prophet answers,
"In a black, notorious den,
In a cave upon the border
With four hundred outlaw men.

"He is fair and loved of women,
Mighty-hearted, born to sing:
Thieving, weeping, erring, praying,
Radiant, royal, rebel-king!

"He will come with harp and psaltry,
Quell his troop of convict swine,
Quell his mad-dog, roaring rascals,
Witching them with words divine—



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*"They will ram the walls of Zion.*
*They will win us Salem hill,*
*All for David, shepherd David—*
*Singing like a mountain rill!"*

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# THE CHANGING FOCUS IN POLITICS

WALTER LIPPMANN

THE taboo, however useless, is at least concrete. Although it achieves little besides mischief, it has all the appearance of practical action, and consequently enlists the enthusiasm of those people whom Wells describes as rushing about the country shouting: "For Gawd's sake let's *do* something *now*." There is weight and solidity in a policeman's club, while a "moral equivalent" happens to be pale like the stuff of which dreams are made. To the politician whose daily life consists in dodging the thousand and one conflicting prejudices of his constituents, in bickering with committees, intriguing and playing for the vote; to the business man harassed on four sides by the trust, the union, the law, and public opinion,—distrustful of any wide scheme because the stupidity of his shipping clerk is the most vivid item in his mind,—all this discussion about politics and the inner life will sound like so much fine-spun nonsense.

I, for one, am not disposed to blame the politicians and the business men. They govern the nation, it is true, but they do it in a rather absent-minded fashion. Those revolutionists who see the misery of the country as a deliberate and fiendish plot overestimate the bad will, the intelligence and the singleness of purpose in the ruling classes. Business and political leaders don't mean badly; the trouble with them is that most of the time they don't mean anything. They picture themselves as very "practical," which in practice amounts to saying that nothing makes them feel so spiritually homeless as the discussion of values and an invitation to examine first principles. Ideas, most of the time, cause them genuine distress, and are as disconcerting as an idle office boy, or a squeaky telephone.

I do not underestimate the trouble of the man of affairs. I have lived with politicians,—with socialist politicians whose good-will was abundant and intentions constructive. The petty vexations pile up into mountains; the distracting details scatter the attention and break up thinking, while the mere problem of



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exercising power crowds out speculation about what to do with it. Personal jealousies interrupt coördinated effort; committee sessions wear out nerves by their aimless drifting; constant speech-making turns a man back upon a convenient little store of platitudes—misunderstanding and distortion dry up the imagination, make thought timid and expression flat; the atmosphere of publicity requires a mask which soon becomes the reality. Politicians tend to live "in character," and many a public figure has come to imitate the journalism which describes him. You cannot blame politicians if their perceptions are few and their thinking crude.

Football strategy does not originate in a scrimmage: it is useless to expect solutions in a political campaign. Woodrow Wilson brought to public life an exceedingly flexible mind,—many of us when he first emerged rejoiced at the clean and athletic quality of his thinking. But even he under the stress of a campaign slackened into commonplace reiteration, accepting a futile and intellectually dishonest platform, closing his eyes to facts, misrepresenting his opponents, abandoning, in short, the very qualities which distinguished him. It is understandable. When a National Committee puts a megaphone to a man's mouth and tells him to yell, it is difficult for him to hear anything.

If a nation's destiny were really bound up with the politics reported in newspapers, the impasse would be discouraging. If the important sovereignty of a country were in what is called its parliamentary life, then the day of Plato's philosopher-kings would be far off indeed. Certainly nobody expects our politicians to become philosophers. When they do they hide the fact. And when philosophers try to be politicians they generally cease to be philosophers. But the truth is that we overestimate enormously the importance of nominations, campaigns, and office-holding. If we are discouraged it is because we tend to identify statecraft with that official government which is merely one of its instruments. Vastly overadvertised we have mistaken an inflated fragment for the real political life of the country.

For if you think of men and their welfare, government appears at once as nothing but an agent among many others. The task of civilizing our impulses by creating fine opportunities for

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their expression cannot be accomplished through the City Hall alone. All the influences of social life are needed. The eggs do not lie in one basket. Thus the issues in the trade unions may be far more directly important to statecraft than the destiny of the Republican party. The power that working-men generate when they unite—the demands they will make and the tactics they will pursue—how they are educating themselves and the nation—these are genuine issues which bear upon the future. So with the policies of business men. Whether financiers are to be sullen and stupid like Archbold, unashamed like Morgan, or well-intentioned like Perkins, is a question that enters deeply into the industrial issues. The whole business problem takes on a new complexion if the representatives of capital are to be men with the temper of Louis Brandeis or William C. Redfield. For when business careers are made professional, new motives enter into the situation; it will make a world of difference if the leadership of industry is in the hands of men interested in production as a creative art instead of as a brute exploitation. The economic conflicts are at once raised to a plane of research, experiment and honest deliberation. For on the level of hate and mean seeking, no solution is possible. That subtle fact,—the change of business motives, the demonstration that industry can be conducted as medicine is,—may civilize the whole class conflict.

Obviously statecraft is concerned with such a change, extra-political though it is. And wherever the politician through his prestige or the Government through its universities can stimulate a revolution in business motives, it should do so. That is genuinely constructive work, and will do more for a humane solution of the class struggle than all the jails and state constabularies that ever betrayed the barbarism of the twentieth century. It is no wonder that business is such a sordid affair. We have done our best to exclude from it every passion and interest that is capable of lighting up activity with eagerness and joy. "Unbusiness-like" we have called the devotion of craftsmen and scientists. We have actually pretended that the work of extracting a living from nature could be done most successfully by short-sighted money-makers encouraged by their money-spending wives. We are learning better to-day. We are beginning to know that this

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nation for all its boasts has not touched the real possibilities of business success, that nature and good luck have done most of our work, that our achievements come in spite of our ignorance. And so no man can gauge the civilizing possibilities of a new set of motives in business. That it will add to the dignity and value of millions of careers is only one of its blessings. Given a nation of men trained to think scientifically about their work and feel about it as craftsmen, and you have a people released from a stupid fixation upon the silly little ideals of accumulating dollars and filling their neighbor's eye. We preach against commercialism, but without great result. And the reason for our failure is: that we merely say "you ought not" instead of offering a new interest. Instead of telling business men not to be greedy, we should tell them to be industrial statesmen, applied scientists, and members of a craft. Politics can aid that revolution in a hundred ways: by advocating it, by furnishing schools that teach, laboratories that demonstrate, by putting business on the same plane of interest as the Health Service.

The indictment against politics to-day is not its corruption, but its lack of insight. I believe it is a fact, which experience will sustain, that men steal because they haven't anything better to do. You don't have to preach honesty to men with a creative purpose. Let a human being throw the energies of his soul into the making of something, and the instinct of workmanship will take care of his honesty. The writers who have nothing to say are the ones that you can buy: the others have too high a price. A genuine craftsman will not adulterate his product: the reason isn't because duty says he shouldn't, but because passion says he couldn't. He hates shams and the watering of goods on a more trustworthy basis than the mere routine moralist. To him dishonesty is a contradiction of his own lusts, and he asks no credit, needs none, for being true. Creation is an emotional ascent, which makes the standard vices trivial, and turns all that is valuable in virtue to the service of desire.

When politics revolves mechanically it ceases to use the real energies of a nation. Government is then at once irrelevant and mischievous—a mere obstructive nuisance. Not long ago a prominent senator remarked that he didn't know much about the

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country, because he had spent the last few months in Washington. It was a profound utterance, as anyone can testify who reads, let us say, *The Congressional Record.* For that document, though replete with language, is singularly unacquainted with the forces that agitate the nation. Politics, as the contributors to *The Congressional Record* seem to understand it, is a very limited selection of well-worn debates on a few arbitrarily chosen "problems." Those questions have developed a technique and an interest in them for their own sake. They are handled with a dull solemnity quite out of proportion to their real interest. Labor receives only a perfunctory and largely disingenuous attention; even commerce is handled in a way that expresses neither its direction nor its public use. Congress has been ready enough to grant favors to corporations, but where in its wrangling from the Sherman Act to the Commerce Court has it shown any sympathetic understanding of the constructive purposes in the trust movement? It has either presented the business man with money or harassed him with bungling enthusiasm in the pretended interests of the consumer. The one thing Congress has not done is to use the talents of business men for the nation's advantage.

If "politics" has been indifferent to forces like the union and the trust, it is no exaggeration to say that it has displayed a modest ignorance of women's problems, of educational conflicts and racial aspirations; of the control of newspapers and magazines, the book publishing world, socialist conventions and unofficial political groups like the single-taxers.

Such genuine powers do not absorb our political interest because we are fooled by the regalia of office. But statesmanship, if it is to be relevant, would obtain a new perspective on these dynamic currents, would find out the wants they express and the energies they contain, would shape and direct and guide them. For unions and trusts, sects, clubs and voluntary associations stand for actual needs. The size of their following, the intensity of their demands, is a fair index of what the statesman must think about. No lawyer created a trust, though he drew up its charter; no logician made the labor movement or the feminist agitation. If you ask what for political purposes a nation is, a practical an-

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swer would be: it is its "movements." They are the social *life*. So far as the future is man-made, it is made of them. They show their real vitality by a relentless growth in spite of all the little fences and obstacles that foolish politicians devise.

There is, of course, much that is dead within the movements. Each one carries along a quantity of inert and outworn ideas,—not infrequently there is an internally contradictory current. Thus the very working-men who agitate for a better diffusion of wealth display a marked hostility to improvements in the production of it. The feminists, too, have their atavisms: not a few who object to the patriarchal family seem inclined to cure it by going back still more—to the matriarchal. Constructive business has no end of reactionary moments—the most striking, perhaps, is when it buys up patents in order to suppress them. Yet these inversions, though discouraging, are not essential in the life of movements. They need to be expurgated by an unceasing criticism; yet in bulk, the forces I have mentioned, and many others less important, carry with them the creative powers of our times.

It is not surprising that so many political inventions have been made within these movements, fostered by them, and brought to a general public notice through their efforts. When some constructive proposal is being agitated before a legislative committee, it is customary to unite the "movements" in support of it. Trade unions and women's clubs have joined hands in many an agitation. There are proposals to-day, like the minimum wage, which seem sure of support from consumers' leagues, women's federations, trade unions and those far-sighted business men who may be called "State Socialists."

In fact, unless a political invention is woven into a social movement it has no importance. Only when that is done is it galvanized into life. But how among countless suggestions is a "cause" to know the difference between a true invention and a pipe-dream? There is, of course, no infallible touchstone by which we can tell offhand. No one need hope for an easy certainty either here or anywhere else in human affairs. No one is absolved from experiment and constant revision. Yet there are some hypotheses that *prima facie* deserve more attention than others.

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Those are the suggestions which come out of a recognized human need. If a man proposed that the judges of the Supreme Court be reduced from nine to seven because the number seven has mystical power, we could ignore him. But if he suggested that the number be reduced because seven men can deliberate more effectively than nine, he ought to be given a hearing. Or let us suppose that the argument is about granting votes to women. The suffragist who bases a claim on the so-called "logic of democracy" is making the poorest possible showing for a good cause. I have heard people maintain that "it makes no difference whether women want the ballot, or are fit for it, or can do any good with it,—this country is a democracy. Democracy means government by the votes of the people. Women are people. Therefore women should vote." That in a very simple form is the mechanical conception of government. For notice how it ignores human wants and human powers—how it subordinates people to a rigid formula. I use this crude example because it shows that even the most genuine and deeply grounded demands are as yet unable to free themselves entirely from a superficial manner of thinking. We are only partially emancipated from the mechanical and merely logical tradition of the eighteenth century. No end of illustrations could be adduced. In the Socialist party it has been the custom to denounce the "short ballot." Why? Because it reduces the number of elective offices. This is regarded as undemocratic, for the reason that democracy has come to mean a series of elections. According to a logic, the more elections the more democratic. But experience has shown that a seven-foot ballot with a regiment of names is so bewildering that a real choice is impossible. So it is proposed to cut down the number of elective offices, focus the attention on a few alternatives, and turn voting into a fairly intelligent performance. Here is an attempt to fit political devices to the actual powers of the voter. The old, crude form of ballot forgot that finite beings had to operate it. But the "democrats" adhere to the multitude of choices because "logic" requires them to do so.

This incident of the "short ballot" illustrates the cleavage between invention and routine. The socialists oppose it not be-

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cause their intentions are bad, but because on this issue their thinking is mechanical. Instead of applying the test of human need, they apply a verbal and logical consistency. The " short ballot " in itself is a slight affair, but the insight behind it seems to me capable of revolutionary development. It is one symptom of the effort to found institutions on human nature. There are many others. We might point to the first experiments aimed at remedying the helter-skelter of careers by vocational guidance. Carried through successfully, this invention of Professor Parsons' is one whose significance in happiness can hardly be exaggerated. When you think of the misfits among your acquaintances—the lawyers who should be mechanics, the doctors who should be business men, the teachers who should have been clerks, and the executives who should be doing research in a laboratory —when you think of the talent that would be released by proper use, the imagination takes wing at the possibilities. What could we not make of the world if we employed its genius!

Whoever is working to express special energies is part of a constructive revolution. Whoever is removing the stunting environments of our occupations is doing the fundamentals of reform. The studies of Miss Goldmark of industrial fatigue, recuperative power and maximum productivity are contributions toward that distant and desirable period when labor shall be a free and joyous activity. Every suggestion which turns work from a drudgery to a craft is worth our deepest interest. For until then the labor problem will never be solved. The socialist demand for a better distribution of wealth is of great consequence, but without a change in the very nature of labor society will not have achieved the happiness it expects. That is why imaginative socialists have shown so great an interest in "syndicalism." There at least in some of its forms, we can catch sight of a desire to make all labor a self-governing craft.

The handling of crime has been touched by the modern impetus. The ancient, abstract and wholesale " justice " is breaking up into detailed and carefully adapted treatment of individual offenders. What this means for the child has become common knowledge in late years. Criminology (to use an awkward word) is finding a human centre. So is education. Everyone

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knows how child study is revolutionizing the school room and the curriculum. Why, it seems that Mme. Montessori has had the audacity to sacrifice the sacred bench to the interests of the pupil! The traditional school seems to be vanishing—that place in which an ill-assorted band of youngsters was for a certain number of hours each day placed in the vicinity of a text-book and a maiden lady.

I mention these experiments at random. It is not the specific reforms that I wish to emphasize, but the great possibilities they foreshadow. Whether or not we adopt certain special bills, high tariff or low tariff, one banking system or another, this trust control or that, is a slight gain compared to a change of attitude toward all political problems. The reformer bound up in his special propaganda will, of course, object that " to get something done is worth more than any amount of talk about new ways of looking at political problems." What matters the method, he will cry, provided the reform be good? Well, the method matters more than any particular reform. A man who couldn't think straight might get the right answer to one problem, but how much faith would you have in his capacity to solve the next one? If you wanted to educate a child, would you teach him to read one play of Shakespeare, or would you teach him to *read?* If the world were going to remain frigidly set after next year, we might well thank our stars if we blundered into a few decent solutions right away. But as there is no prospect of a time when our life will be immutably fixed, as we shall, therefore, have to go on inventing, it is fair to say that what the world is aching for is not a special reform embodied in a particular statute, but a way of going at all problems.

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# THE FACTORY

HARRY KEMP

THE Factory was a proper place for show
(In everything intended to be seen),
Three fountains spouted in a pouring row
And kept its parklike yard forever green,
And tiny colors arched amid their spray,
Moon-bows by night, and sun-bows during day.

And in their basins shadowy gold-fish swayed,
And tritons held a strangling dolphin's snout
Aloft, from which mild showers of silver sprayed
The patterned flowers which lay in beds about—
But in a certain place called Hell's Half-Row
The workers' quarters sprawled, not built for show.

Close by an obscene dump their tenements stood,
Two rows of houses drearily the same.
Six half-leaved trees in hopeless sisterhood
Twisted with life nearby and gave the name
Of "Park" to a worn square of grass, where played
The millfolks' children, in their patchy shade.

And Jimmy often found him playmates there,
Or, with a stray dog he had made his own,
Roamed down the many-trafficked thoroughfare
Beyond the roaring borders of the town
Where on a bank of real grass he lay
And stared above into the great blue day,

And saw the squadroned clouds go sailing by
Slow-oared and golden in the setting sun,
Pushing up from strange lands beyond the sky—
And then the whistles boomed, and day was done;
The whistles boomed like voices underground
And one serene star floated bright and round.



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But 'twas not long before a brother went,
Torn into gobbets by a toothed machine
(One less to buy the food and pay the rent),
And then a second, who had never been
Much good, was murdered in a drunken brawl:
The last, too, loved and married—worst of all.

As for his sisters—one was quick to wed
(A burden off the family—that was good),
And one, beguiled, went forth with listless tread
To tarry with the Scarlet Sisterhood:
The eldest worked for woman's scanted wage
And faced the lot of an unmarried age.

So the boy had to find some work to do:
He must have food to eat and clothes to wear;
His father and one sister, either drew
A pittance—both together could not care
For four—The System has a lickerish tooth,
Like an old lecher for the bloom of youth.

His father, gray in the Firm's service grown,
Cut off his childhood at an early year:
He lied about his age: (They might have known,
But they cared nothing—what had they to fear?
They were put wise when the inspector came);
And thus he got his job and signed his name.

And in the dim light where the great machines
Thundered all day and shook walls, roof, and floor,
The little boy worked, dressed in dirty jeans,
And swept the dust which gathered more and more.
His cheeks soon paled, his face began to peak—
But he was proud of his three dollars a week.

From dawn to dawn, before the East grew gray
His mother waked him up, and, by a lamp
Wick-lit, he ate his breakfast and away

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Slushed thro' the drizzle and the clinging damp
Where the sick street lamps spluttered in the gloom—
And then the whistle roared his daily doom.

Thus ran his life, an iterated round
Of weary sameness—every morn he rose,
Flung off the aching sleep that held him bound,
Yawned, stretched and hastily drew on his clothes,
Ate hastily, and then, thro' sun or murk,
Rushed off to keep from being late to work.

He worked at piecework soon: a crescent shade
Sat on his brow, an emery wheel spun round.
He grew a master of a sort of trade—
The room danced full of dust motes finely ground,
He edged and flung aside comb after comb—
And they had meat now every day at home.

Thus he reached manhood. Some the Factory kills
When they begin as children; and some thrive—
Exist, I mean—for the soul seldom thrills
To any effort but to keep alive.
For such no golden horns of glory wind—
And they make up the mass of humankind.

Now strange desires began to gather shape
As he stepped from the youth into the man,
Hot passions gripped his being by the nape,
And lust, unleashed, at will its courses ran
In secret houses, till he met Ann Trent—
Then ever less and less to *them* he went.

Annie was sweet and trim and somewhat frail,
Not beautiful until you saw her eyes;
Her face was like a sick child's, marble-pale,—
For early years of work and sacrifice
Had laid waste all the young bloom of the girl
And made her colorless as a dead pearl.

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She and her crippled father lived alone
In two back rooms which lack of sun made drear.
He cursed his helpless lot with constant groan,
But clung to life like a wrecked mariner:
And each day Ann had two days' work to do—
She had to care for him and labor, too!

The night when Jim first spoke his love to her,
For once her cheek was touched into a flame;
The very angels seemed to minister
As unto her the woman's vision came
Of two lives caught up into one:—they sat
And planned just how they'd rent a four-roomed flat,

And she'd quit work—and they would fit it out
With furnishings on the instalment plan;
And now she wore a ring, "there was no doubt
That they'd get hitched," the Factory gossip ran.
Her father died—and because life was drear
She married soon, and did not wait her year,

As she'd intended. . . . All her sky turned blue:
She got up singing with each day begun,
As sweet a little wife as man e'er knew.
And in a year she gave birth to a son,
And in her very agony was glad—
And this was the last happiness they had,

For then the panic came. Hands were let go;
The Factory ran at half-time—was shut down
For weeks on end. To hear the whistle blow
Was like a voice from heaven to the town;
The wondering children drooped about half fed,
And mothers went out on the streets for bread.

Slowly the winter like a nightmare passed,
And they who hold the People in their hands
Once more gave voice to the great whistle's blast

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And loosened sulky Labor from his bands—
With joy the sallow hosts trooped forth each morn
Like folk by recent plague and famine torn.

A younger tyrant bossed the Factory now,
For the old one no more was seen about
With his great belly and his placid brow;
He'd drunk and drunk and burned his vitals out.
The new man always went to church, though he
Worshipped yet one more God, Efficiency.

He laid off hands, nor took them on again,
He said their labor was but half alive;
He turned into machines his other men
And made them take three steps instead of five:
The dividends grew and the stockholders praised—
And not a worker got his wages raised.

At nights Jim dragged home dripping like a rag
With all the energy gone out of him,
Growled thro' his suppers and began to nag
Till Ann's voice faltered and her eyes grew dim.
She'd say "I wish I never married you"—
And they would make up—and begin anew.

Another child knocked at the gate, unbid.
'Tis hard to keep alive upon the wage
That Labor's grudged—but even so, they did.
It passes the conception of the sage:
How it is managed only God doth know;
I think that He's ashamed to have it so.

They had a great brass clock inside the gate
And each employee, going out or in,
Rang up his time, and, if a minute late,
Was docked an hour to keep up discipline. . .
A writer came *once*, stayed a day, and went—
And wrote about the working-man's content.

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But do not think that all were meagre paid:
There was one gang that got two dollars a day;
They wore high boots and rubber gloves, and made
Green acid mixtures such as eat away
Leather and bare the bone. Fumes filled the place,
And the gray color of death grew in each face.

Two dollars a day! Five years the limit there!
Great ignorant foreigners with blowzed cheeks came,
Huge built like oxen, fresh from the pure air,
And withered visibly as in a flame—
But when was there a lack of working-men?
For every vacant place there waited ten.

Jim thought that he was lucky, all in all,—
But wanted no more children, and, that morn,
His face blanched and his thoughts whirled in a ball
When told that one more threatened to be born.
The doctors dared not help:—struck dumb, he saw
Not to bear children was against the law.

"I'll tell you," Jim said. "If I get a raise
We'll let it go—if not"—the dishes rang
With his dropped fist—"then surely there are ways!"
"What will we do, Jim?" "Call in Mrs. Lang,
The midwife." Thro' the open door he stept
And strode to work, and Ann broke down and wept.

Her pearl-white face became an ashen gray;
A neighbor's wife came in and gave her care
As she lay there in bed. The second day
A doctor told the father to prepare
To meet the worst: "Blood-poisoning," he said.
And then they sent for Jim—and . . . she was dead.

His soul screamed in him. How he hated life!
He thought of every harsh word he had said,
Of all the love, the patience of his wife,

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Of his own worthlessness—and she was dead.
Sometimes he almost gave way to the weight
Of sorrow, but the children kept him straight.

Two doors from him there lived a Mrs. Jones—
She was a gossip ferret-eyed and thin,
So thin that one could almost hear her bones.
He'd hated her till now. Now she came in
And each day saw his children off to school
And nursed the baby. Jim felt like a fool,

Ashamed that he'd condemned her—as for him,
Strange languors came upon him as he worked;
He held on to his job, tho', set and grim,
While the Boss eyed him close and thought he shirked,
For Jim's mind would go groping back to find
Ann, and his hands would shake and lag behind.

And, thenceforth, he could never speed again.
His fellows whispered: "Jim has lost his grip."
And at the gates each morning, jobless men
Waited, whose hands were sure and would not slip.
And the man's soul broke forth in a dry sob
When, on a day, he found he'd lost his job.

Was life worth living? No! . . . That much was plain!
He'd got a dirty deal, and, if alone,
Would cast the burden down, and flee the pain,
As a dog leaves behind a worthless bone.
"But there's the kids. I want them to grow men
And women—so I'll get a job again."

The weary days he tramped the clinging mire
And sought for work that was not to be found,
The obscure Odyssies of Man for Hire,
The sickened hope, the abject mien profound,
The coarse rebuffs that bite, that sting, that cling
He who sang Hell would lack the words to sing.

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Ah, if the Poor did not befriend the Poor
  How pitiful would be their plight! Indeed
They'd perish else. The man who lived next door,
  A shabby linguist who had gone to seed,
Brought food. And Mrs. Jones, the gossip, came
And helped as zealous as she spread ill fame.

Philanthropists? One has to go and beg
  And get a ticket for relief, from them,
Be measured, labelled, stuck on the right peg,
  Submit to questioned insult, dubious "hem":
The Rich dole conscience-pennies for their Greed,
But the Poor help the Poor from their own need.

One night, after a long day's bitter quest,
  The man came home, lay down, and could not sleep;
He heard his children tossing in unrest—
  He rose again. Deep over lifted Deep
The stars above dropped back in gulfs of night . . .
And then . . . a muffled noise . . . a rolling light. . .

The Factory! Its whistle boomed and roared!
  "The Factory," they cried, "is burning down!"
Out of their houses people poured and poured
  And the great fire bell clanged above the town,
And engines snorted fire, and ladders, high
And slender, slanted thro' the smoky sky.

"There were some people working nights," one said.
  And then another, "But without a doubt,"
(Shivering and recent-tumbled from his bed),
  "Both men and women—all got safely out."
"How did it start? Would people ever know?"
"Look how it burns! It makes a pretty show!"

  "Hush! What was that?" A quavering voice arose—
  A woman's voice, within. Red gusts of fire
Burst out the windows and tumultuous rose

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In billowing crimson higher still and higher.
"Back! Back!" The firemen shout. "The wall! The Wall!"
And it fell forward roaring to its fall.

And there, within, bright as a day in hell,
Two monstrous rows of stilled machines were seen.
At times a gusty shower of fire fell
Like bursting rockets. Further in between,
Now in clear silhouette, now far and dim,
A woman sat and sang. She sang a hymn.

"Back for your lives—the acid house!" one cried;
The people scattered far like frightened sheep
As yellow fumes poured out on every side.
Now into day a hundred buildings leap
And like a roused volcano's ruddy blare
A pyramid of fire climbs up the air.

Hell saw itself as in a looking glass. . . .
The woman's voice rose clear and full again.
The firemen, swinging axes, fight to pass.
"Go! Let me die!" She calls to them. In vain
They push with writhing lengths of hose; they beat
Inward in vain against the blistering heat,

Battling to reach her; choked with smoke and tears
They recoil backward. Plain as day she's seen,
Singing there, of her hope beyond the years.
"Who is she?" "Christ have mercy—Jenny Green!"
Women shriek out and faint, men turn and weep
As the slow-crawling flames about her creep.

Jim stands on the crowd's edge. "What? Jenny Green!
We played together when we two was kids!"
And, suddenly, the man he might have been
Rises erect, and, as the spirit bids,
He pushes forward. Way is given him:
He is a great man now—no longer Jim.

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Over the rope he leaps, and is half way
Into the flame before men understand
And can restrain him; like a god at play
He plucks aside fire with the living hand.
Strange that he has no doubt and holds no fear.
"Jenny! I've come to save you!" "Jim? you here!

"It's no use, Jim. I'm gone. This beam, you see
Across both legs." "I'll lift it off o' you!"
He arms the huge beam, heaves it high and free,—
He finds that he is stronger than he knew—
"Crawl out now, Jenny!" thro' a whirl of smoke,
"I can't," she answered; "both my legs is broke!

"You let it down and run!" "I'll stay and die,"
He said, as simply as a child at prayer,
"'Twould smash on you again!" A far dim cry
Came from beyond the crimson-scattered air;
Could this be death? He felt so fine and strong—
And he and Jenny joined in the same song.

Scorched Atlas of a burning world, who dared
Not slack his upward strain, a space he stood;
His clothes sloughed off. He loomed up fiery-haired;
About him forking flame and smoking wood
Flashed and reeked. And the heat smote him blind:
And he went back to childhood with his mind.

The crowd cried out: "They're caught! The roof!" no more.
He stands as still as one carved out of stone.
Death rushes thro' his body with a roar,—
They drop to crumbled ash and dusty bone.
The roof tilts down like a great ship aground
And all is fire above, beneath, around!

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# A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

## I

### *The Ancient Polity*

TO attribute mere perversity to an opponent whose pertinacity baffles us is an exceedingly easy way of extricating oneself from an uncomfortable position. It generally implies no more than ineptitude or craft on the part of the person who does so attribute it. When one therefore finds a whole people laid under the charge of such perversity, and all the problems attending their governance and order dated from that fact, the situation is more than usually interesting. One is inclined to think, for example, that, were the points slightly shifted, the charge also would find itself shifted, and the people who made the complaint come to wear that unhappy attribute rather than the people complained of. There would be quite a dramatic element in such a change of weights. But, putting aside that easy pleasure, the truer interest in the situation is to discover precisely what is the real meaning of this thing that comes to wear the name of perversity.

In the very history of Ireland, in the literature attending it, there is an instance that illustrates the point exactly. Where the poet Spenser, in the bland medley of misconception and useful information that he calls "A View of the Present State of Ireland," denounces the barbarous state of the roads of Ireland, he is obviously looking at the matter from the point of view of the attempted English conquest of the island. It never seems to have occurred to him that the presence of his nation in Ireland is accountable for the state of affairs he so ingenuously deplores. He manifestly has never canvassed the thought that a nation defending itself against the inroads of hostile armies must needs destroy its roads behind it, although that fact is quite an elemental piece of tactics: nor that the limit of the inroad (within which, as one of the invaders, he of necessity lived) was perhaps the limit of



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the disrepair, being the limit of actual hostilities. A slight knowledge of the facts shows that so early as some fifteen hundred years previously Ireland had had a well-concerted system of roads; and since, as will later be seen, she grew steadily in prosperity and dignity till the reign of the Tudors in England, it is not likely that her roads were in any way worse than those boasted by her sister island. The question is one of outlook. Spenser regarded Ireland from without, even as his nation has always persisted in regarding Ireland from without. Therefore to him Ireland's roads were execrable, even as therefore to his nation Ireland's temperament has always seemed perverse. Regarded from within, however, quite a different complexion is given to affairs.

It seems strange that anyone should persistently adopt a standpoint that can only imply unintelligence. There is no man, there is no nation, even as there is no work of art, that can for a moment be understood until the postulate of its existence be conceded: which should be a truism, save that it is the perpetual stumbling-block in all contention. And with a nation, obviously that postulate is its nationality. It is a thing impossible to deny; for to refuse to concede it, and to fall back upon blows and force, is only another way of admitting it. It is an ironical solace to deny the reality of an opponent who deals out doughty blows. It may be attempted, however. Mr. Balfour, for instance, declares: "There are Englishmen and Scotsmen who really suppose that England has deprived Ireland of its own national institutions, has absorbed Ireland, which had a polity and a civilization of its own—has absorbed it in the wider sphere of British politics; and who think that a great wrong has thereby been done to a separate nationality. . . . It is a profound illusion. It has no basis in historical fact at all." Consequently he comes to the conclusion: "That all this talk of restoring to Ireland Irish institutions, and of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas, has no historical basis whatever." It is sufficiently bland and positive; but what, then, meant all the turmoil in the days of his own Chief Secretaryship? Perversity, presumably.

Yet, while to assert the negative of a proposition is just such a clever piece of dialectics as one would expect from a man whose

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politics is chiefly dialectics, it has this considerable value: it enables us to proceed direct to fundamentals. Irish institutions, an Irish polity and civilization, even Irish ideas, are in turn categorically denied; and with that denial the skilled debater leaves the air of pure argument and comes on to the ground of history, where he may be met.

The Irish polity stretches back, indeed, before the definite records of history. It emerges from that obscurity already well-defined and well-devised; and though its framework has been ruthlessly shattered by centuries of such bitter oppression as probably no nation has seen the like of, it will be seen that the instinct which caused the creation of the framework exists powerfully to this very hour. Indeed, the very fascination in the study of the national institutions is just this: that no part of the present problem of Ireland—the unrest, the agrarian disturbances, the so-called criminal outbreaks—can even remotely be understood without a perception of what it means in the light of the polity of the past. Whatever be the case elsewhere, in Ireland at least, the present is only a reverberation of the past; and for any Chief Secretary to deny the past is for him to explain at once why his own governance meant disaster in the present.

Regard, for example, the violent contrast between the repute that the Irish people have won and their essential characteristics as revealed to those who know them. The development of this belongs to a later essay; but the simple contrast may be mentioned now. For those who know the people know at once that there are two characteristics strongly marking them: a close reserved spirit of aristocracy and a strong conservatism. One is, in fact, part of the other; and they are both outward characteristics of the same inward thing. And the aristocracy is not only independent of present class stratification: it is even opposed to it, fiercely. It is as opposed to the chance possession of wealth. A village cobbler or worker in the fields (even, curiously enough, a commercial traveller, since where commerce enters aristocracy vanishes) will base himself on a pride of race, and, without envy, maintain that in the teeth of all rank. Consequently the race is conservative, desiring rather to date back than proceed forward, and with no love at all of change for the sake of change. Yet

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these are the very people who, in the opinion of the intruding race, have come to be thought of as demagogic and revolutionary.

The contrast is a violent one. It suggests a profoundly interesting examination. For clearly, if it be possible to lay bare the ancient polity in which the instinct of the race expressed itself, and to trace that polity through the intervening stages when the nation won its way to greatness and through the days when an attempt was made, with unexampled ruthlessness, to destroy and ruin it, to the present day when the memory of that polity (Memory stirring herself in her vaults of sleep) is only heard in the way of an energetic instinct—then it should also be possible to explain what otherwise seems so contradictory and paradoxical. Other contradictions and paradoxes should also come to explain themselves as the result of such an examination.

What, then, was the old polity that has so categorically been denied? There are parts of it, to be sure, that do not greatly concern the course of the present inquiry. Yet without them the closer details could not easily be understood; and it will be well to work from the larger to the smaller, so that, by laying bare the whole of the organized state, it may be possible to discover what portions have perpetuated themselves in the national consciousness, living in the strenuous instincts of the people.

From the earliest times Ireland has been governed in the main by its present division into four provinces. The two Munsters of the very early days always tended to coalesce; and when, in the second century, Tuathal the Legitimate, succeeding to the High-Kingship of Ireland, created the province of Meath by cutting away portions of the four remaining provinces around Usnagh—even so the four provinces remained the basis of administration. For Meath was little more than the mensal land of the High-King. Each of the four kings of the four provinces owed tribute to the High-King, and demanded tribute in turn from the kings beneath them, whether they were kings of tribes large or tribes small. These again took tribute from the chiefs of clans, who received support from the lords of septs and families.

In this way, while preserving, despite all unruliness, the larger national unity, those smaller units of national consciousness were not obliterated, without which a people is not a nation but an un-

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thinking aggregate of humanity. The organization, as it grew up and elaborated itself in the days before the present reach of history, held together the two ends of national life: in large, national unity, and in detail, civil unity and intelligent appreciation of man's relation with his kind. It may be true that, in a marauding world, the former is indispensable to national effectiveness; but it indisputably is true that without the latter there can be no national life, and consequently no art, no dignity, no strength, nothing but a shapeless herding of men and women.

Therefore it is to the smaller units of the nation that one looks for an expression of its polity: the more so, since each small unity expresses, with greater sharpness and precision, each larger unity just above it. The family, with its living parentage, lay beneath the sept with a common parentage some generations back; and so the degrees rose, rank above rank, to the clan, with the common surname, and to the tuath (or tribe), again claiming a common ancestry, but with a more complex system owing to the fact that strangers were admitted to tribal privileges on certain terms. There were 184 such tuaths in Ireland, the chiefs of the larger of them taking the title of king.

Holding its various clans together, the tribe based itself on the common ownership of the land. In the course of time it came about that the nobles of the tribe came to hold land in their own right; but this separate holding was so small a portion of the whole tribe-land that it but little affected the principle on which the existence of the tribe based itself. The very laws, or customs, of the people, pivot round this fact. They are generally spoken of as the Brehon laws, owing to the fact that they were administered by judges, called brehons, who had to pass through an exacting discipline ere they could fulfil that office; but their real name is *Fénechas,* or the "law of the free land-tillers." Each freeman in the tribe had his undisputed title to a holding in the tribe-land; and at his death it reverted to the tuath. It might then be granted to his children; or there might be a redistribution, such as periodically took place. At such times of redistribution a man was entitled to reimbursement in kind for any improvement in his holding, the benefits of which had not yet expired. If through sickness or accident he was unable at any time

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to reap his harvest or till his fields, the responsibility of having this done on his behalf fell upon the tuath; even as in old age his maintenance according to his rank was borne by his tuath.

Even the king, or chief, apart from such land as he himself owned by virtue of being a noble, had a portion of land granted him by the tuath for the maintenance of his dignity. This, at his death, reverted to the tuath, and was regranted to his successor: who, to save disputation at his death, was appointed during his life-time, and held rank after him as his Tanist.

Indeed, the tribe assumed collective responsibility for its own being, and based that fact on a common ownership of the land. As numberless hints in the Brehon laws indicate, it had no small sense of its dignity, and keenly resented any action by any of its members that might cause hurt to that dignity. For example, if any man had not enough stock for his holding it was possible for him to loan, or purchase, this from the king or one of the nobles at heavy terms of usury, so placing himself under the power of the noble. There were two ways in which this might be done: one, though heavy, preserving him his honorable dignity; the other not only compelling him to the support of the lender, but even giving the lender the right to demand house and shelter, even protection, for any continuous length of time under a month. This the tribe held as an infringement of its dignity; and before any such loan might be contracted its terms had to be published, and the man's sept had the right to forbid its ratification.

Yet in the more direct ways the tuath declared its sense of dignity. Out of the lands granted him for the maintenance of his place it was required of the chief that he should retain a suitable court, and that he should always, on his travels, be accompanied by a poet, a historian, a musician, a doctor, a bishop (in pre-Christian times, a druid), and a noble. He himself was chosen " for the goodness of his form and race, and sense, and learning, and dignity, and utterance; he is selected for his goodness and for his wisdom, and strength, and forces, and valor in fighting "; he " must be a man of full lawfulness in all respects; he must be a man that is consulted for knowledge; he must be learned and calm "; and it was expected of him that he should be " perfectly recognizant and righteous to his people, both weak

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and strong." Moreover, he had to keep an open house, and expend his hospitality freely. According to his degree—whether under-king of a tribe, king of a province, or High-King of a land—it was required of him that he should display his dignity, not in harsh authority over others, but in exposition of the general sense, for that was the purpose of his nomination. If he failed in this, it was possible for him to be set aside. The thought of subjection never came into the question; yet the principle was such that it was rather he who was the subject than the people who appointed him. More truly both he and they were equally subject to the laws, or institutions, whereby they maintained him in dignity while he protected them in danger and upheld the common honor.

In addition to this, however, the tuath appointed one of its leading men as public hospitaller, an office that was considered of considerable distinction. Land and stock were granted him for the maintenance of his position; and he had at all times to keep a hundred beds ready, with plenty of meat and other foods, for the entertainment of all strangers who came his way, who were to be received without question as to whence they came, whither they went or who they were. The poets, brehons and other professional men of honor could always claim free hospitality of him. The brughaidh, as he was called, was, by virtue of his position, entitled to dispense justice; and it was in his hostelry the king was elected.

It is not easy in the limits of a small space to deal adequately with what was a complicated and carefully elaborated civil polity. The general indications of it only can be given, care being taken to point out the noble sense of culture and dignity that prevailed always. The organization was not competitive but co-operative; and therefore the arts were held in honor. Therefore, too, as a corollary, a strong sense of aristocracy prevailed among the people. The system naturally tended in that direction; and the only way in which a man might fall from dignity would be by forfeiting his rights in the tribe.

And this brings us back to the basis of the whole organization: the possession of the land. "The Irish," declared an old English judge, "are more fearful to offend the law than the

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English or any other nation whatsoever." "They observe and keep such laws as they make upon hills in their country firm and stable, without breaking them for any favor or reward." The reason for this was twofold: the first being that they, as holders of the common soil, had framed their laws and institutions for the common advantage; and the second follows upon this, since to break such laws, or to withhold oneself from their application, was simply to cut oneself away from the tribal unity, was to divorce oneself from the natural heritage in the land. For this reason it was not necessary to frame laws that were punitive in their application. In the old Brehon laws, punishments, as such, were not recognized. If a man offended, he offended against his fellow; he disturbed the balance of the civil polity; and it was required of him that he should re-adjust that balance by making compensation for his offence, by paying the "eric" demanded of him by the brehon, judging in a general assembly of the people, for them to approve or dissent, on hill-tops. In legal phrase an offence was not a crime but a tort. For every offence, according to the carefully elaborated system of the Brehon laws, there was an "eric"; and if the brehon did not judge with wisdom and equity, even though a king or queen were one of the parties, and one of the assembly called out a judgment that won the general approbation, his judgment was accepted instead of the brehon's.

There were therefore no prisons, even as there was judicially no capital sentence. Both such things belong to the idea of a punitive law, not to the idea of equity. Yet if a man refused to come to judgment, and would not abide by a judgment given against him, he put himself by that fact outside the law, which meant that he put himself outside the community. If he fled, he could only join some other tuath: not as a freeman; that was impossible, for he was not of that tuath; but as a slave or tenant-at-will. Had he come as an ordinary stranger he might have been granted a small holding till the next redistribution, with a right to reimbursement for his unexpired improvements in the land. Coming as a fugitive he could but become a slave to some freeman; or at best a tenant-at-will with no rights at all to the benefits of his toil in the land.

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Consequently the coöperative organization of the tribe, based on a common possession of the land, not only created the ancient polity of the people, but was the instrument by which its sense of equity was maintained. Each tuath had its recognized borders; and within each tuath the land was divided into tribe-land and common-land: the former comprising the land cut by the plough, and the latter, moor-lands, mountain-lands and bogs, where all the people had the right to cut their turf or send their cattle to graze. So that if a fugitive took to the wilds he would still be within the territory of some tuath.

This sense of personal dignity, the basis of every instinct of aristocracy and conservatism, prevailed within the limits of the tribe, in its detailed relations, as truly as it prevailed outside the tribe in the larger national feeling. In marriage the woman brought her share of property to the union as well as the man. This she controlled personally, even as the husband controlled his own affairs; and if, through any cause, they parted, she took her own property with her, with its natural increments, even as she originally had brought it. Indeed, if she could prove (though she might have brought nothing to the union) that by her labors her husband's goods had increased, she was entitled to a percentage of that increase: even as, if the case were the other way about, the husband could make good such a claim against her. If any complications arose with regard to her property she made suit in her own name; and if any sale was proposed with regard to their joint property, their several consent would have to be given before it could be effected. If she married out of her tuath, however, she could take nothing with her save her movable stock, for the land was the tuath's before it was hers, and only hers as a member of the tuath.

Yet all this, it should be said, was not at the expense of rank and degree. Throughout the whole polity the conception of personal dignity, individual rights and freedom, held a strong sway, and formed, as has been said, the basis of a firm aristocratic emotion; but it did not obviate differences of status. In the pursuit of its mirage of civilization the western world has lost the conception of differing degrees that yet meet on a common plane of dignity and mutual respect. Rank has come to imply sycophancy;

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and to repel this a new democracy has raised its head that will not conceive of differing degrees. In a very true sense the ancient polity of Ireland may be called a democratic conception; yet it was not democratic in the present meaning of the term. For one thing, the arts were held highly in esteem; and this was so in the large matters of the nation as it was in the tribe, as will be seen immediately. And there were other well-marked ranks. The king, or chief, for instance, could not only be drawn solely from the nobles, but from one family bearing the same surname; and in his election every freeman of the tuath had a vote. Then there were the nobles, marked out by the fact that they held land in their own names; that is to say, land that did not come into the common holding at times of re-distribution, but which, it would seem, still belonged primarily to the tuath since it was within the limits of the tribal demesne, and could not be annexed to any other tuath. There were two degrees of freemen: those who had considerable property, and could therefore rent land from the nobles; and those whose holding was confined to their portion of tribal land. Moreover there were three degrees of men who were not freemen, that is to say, had not tribal rights. These have partly been mentioned already. They were all tenants-at-will; and their position was decreed by the terms they could procure. The mass of the people, however, it is clear, lay among the freemen who were not nobles, even as the mass of the land lay at the disposal of the tuath; and it was they who gave their name to the laws that expressed and defined the general organization.

Such was the system on which was based the whole of the old Irish polity. The larger national system was but the binding together of these 184 unities; and each tuath being similar to the others, the weaving them together practically meant only the raising of higher authorities to which the lower were tributary. And it was in these higher authorities, consequently, that the arts had freer sway. Throughout the whole country the poet had honor accorded him: particularly the poet, though each of the *ollaves* (the musician, the historian, the doctor, for instance) was held in similar honor. His was an art that demanded a long and difficult discipline; and wherever he went he was entitled to open

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hospitality and maintenance with a gift of value on his departure. Every king (and nobles according to their rank) was expected to be accompanied by a poet on his travels; and that this was a privilege accorded to the king rather than to the poet seems clear from the fact that the poet was entitled to sit at the same table as the High-King. When the Great Triennial *Feis* at Tara, the High-King's chief residence, was held, the great house for the poets was the first to be erected; and on his own travels for the sale of his poems he was accompanied by a retinue in accordance with his achievements in the schools of poetry. He was, in fact, regarded in a mystical light; and his verses were held to cast a spell on their hearers. This has been regarded as a curious superstition in the people, by those who can surely not have considered the strange transformation wrought in the unlikeliest of men by the reading of poetry in our own day. In the poet whose vehicle was satire this power was feared, and in the end keenly resented.

Taking the poet as representative of the *ollaves,* as he certainly was the most prominent of them, he may perhaps be considered the link between the higher authorities and the tuaths in times of peace, even as the warrior was in times of war. In the great Triennial *Feis* at Tara, that the High-King was expected to summon, only chiefs, kings of tribes and provinces, and the representatives of the arts and learning, were entitled to appear. At such times, apart from the sports and feats of prowess that chiefly attracted attention—prowess of culture as well as of daring—the whole laws of Ireland were examined, and, if need were, revised in the face of a new situation and newer precedents. Thus the Feis-Temrach became a manner of parliament, where the representatives of art, learning and authority met to dispute and adjust institutions for the needs of the nation. It was first established by the High-King, who was also an *ollave,* Fóla, some time after B.C. 714, when he began his reign. It is, one may perhaps suggest without perversity, a tolerably ancient precedent for an Irish parliament.

It is not to be expected that the relations of the various tuaths one with another, and with the provinces of which they formed part, were always of the most harmonious. A people cannot

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have an organization that enables them to possess, and express, a strength of individuality, without finding that individuality sometimes in violent contrast, whether of petty jealousy or worthier contention. It is admitted that a person without a firm and effective will is a person without character, and therefore a person without interest; whereas the possession of such a will is an exceedingly uncomfortable thing for all concerned: and the same is true of nations. Petty wars were not so numerous, certainly they were not so widespread, as some prejudiced writers have tried to suggest. And they were emphatically not so humiliating to man's dignity as the commercial war that is waged without stint every twenty-four hours of a modern civilized day. Nor were they so destructive of his common decency and honor. There was always something of honor and chivalry in the wars that were waged for the least worthy of motives. A modern bloodless age has come to think of the shedding of blood with feverish horror, whereas it will view the turning of Man, with divinity on his brows, into an industrial slave, with calm and equanimity; and therefore it is necessary to say that, because tribal and provincial wars took place, to speak of such a state as uncivilized, is to use words that are without any meaning.

There were no schools for the warriors as there were schools for the poets and the brehons, but every freeman was trained to arms, and served under his chief in time of war. Besides these, kings and chiefs kept bodyguards of professional soldiers, such as hired themselves out for the best payment. Those might be Irish or they might be foreign. Each chief, or king, was obliged to serve his superior, to whom he was a tributary, in all his wars, with a sufficient number of men; as that superior was in turn bound to the High-King. These bonds were sometimes repudiated under particular circumstances; and thus troubles arose. Moreover jealousies arose because some tribes, by strength of numbers, were able to command immunity of service at times of harvest and tillage.

But more usually warfare was with foemen outside the borders of Ireland, and this raises at once the question of the title of the country. For the words Ireland and Irish are of much later usage. Then the land was known as Erinn, as the Gaels

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who constituted its people were spoken of as Scots. In the fifth century they invaded Alba, inhabited by the Picts, and colonized it in such numbers that it came in the end to be known as Scotland. But not only was Alba so invaded. Large parts of Wales were colonized in similar fashion. The name of one of the High-Kings, Niall of the Nine Hostages (A.D. 379), indicates the extent of Irish conquests: he was so called "because he took hostages from the five provinces of Ireland, and also French, Saxon, British and Alban hostages."

In its larger system and in its more detailed economy this briefly was the ancient polity, the old Irish civilization and constitution. A contrast with the countries lying round about it, reveals a race of distinction and culture. A contrast, even, with the constitutions of modern peoples, with their complete neglect of all that strikes for culture, dignity and nobility, makes the constant boast of progress (a word breathed by a travailing people till it has hypnotized the sense) seems a somewhat hollow affair. Yet whatever the virtues of the ancient polity, the question arises as to what happened to it, as the expression of national instinct, in the years that lay before it; and, above all, in what way can it be said that the Ireland that exists to-day is derived from it. Irish ideas, Irish institutions, an Irish civilization, are seen to be breathing realities (and Scottish institutions are seen to be derived from them, though a Scotsman deny their reality). A nation is found in Ireland behind the discovery of history. It is already complete and distinguished where research has come upon it. But in what measure has it perpetuated itself?—for its value is only, or at least chiefly, antiquarian if it have not perpetuated itself. What happened to it in the day of prosperity, spiritual and material, that succeeded? What happened in the night of adversity, when such ruthless cruelty and oppression was meted out to Ireland as few nations in the whole course of history have ever suffered? What has emerged to-day in the result? These are questions that immediately assail us; and they will be examined in turn in succeeding papers. But it is necessary first to lay bare the origins, for it is only in the light of them that the succession may be understood.*

* The next paper will be on *The Times of Prosperity.*

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# THE SOILED ROSE

## D. H. Lawrence

IT was a mile nearer through the wood. Mechanically, Syson turned up by the forge and lifted the field-gate. The blacksmith and his mate stood still, watching this self-assured trespasser. But Syson, dressed in stylish tweeds, looked too much a gentleman to be accosted. They let him go on in silence across the small field to the wood.

There was not the least difference between this morning and those of the bright springs, six or eight years back. White and sandy-gold owls still scratched round the gate, littering the earth and the field with feathers and scratched-up rubbish. Between the two thick holly bushes in the wood-hedge was the hidden gap whose fence one climbed to get into the wood; the bars were scored just the same by the keeper's boots.

Syson was extraordinarily delighted. It is a wonderful thing, at twenty-nine, to have a Past. Like an emigrant he had returned, on a visit to the country of his past, to make comparison. The hazel still spread glad little hands downward, the blue-bells here were still wan and few, among the lush grass and in shade of the bushes.

The path through the wood, on the very brow of a slope, ran easily for a time. All around were twiggy oaks, just issuing their gold, and floor spaces diapered with woodruff, with patches of dog-mercury and tufts of hyacinth. The two fallen trees still lay across the track. Syson jolted down a steep, rough slope, and was again upon the open land, this time looking north as through a great window in the wood. He stayed to gaze over the level fields of the hill-top, at the village which strewed the bare upland plain as if it had tumbled off the passing wagons of civilization, and been forsaken. There was a forlorn modern little gray church, and blocks and rows of red dwellings lying at random; at the back, the twinkling headstocks of the pit, and the looming pit-hill. All was naked and out-of-doors, not a tree! It was quite unaltered since his childhood.

Syson turned, satisfied, to follow the path that sheered down-



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hill into the wood. He started. A keeper was standing a few yards in front, barring the way.

"Where might you be going this road, sir?" asked the keeper. The man was inclined to be offensive. Syson looked at him with an artist's impersonal, observant gaze. The keeper was a young man of four or five and twenty, ruddy and comely. He had large, dark blue eyes which now stared aggressively. His black moustache, very thick, was cropped short over a small, rather self-conscious, almost feminine mouth. In every other respect the man was unusually virile. He was just above middle height; the strong forward thrust of his chest and the perfect ease of his erect, proud carriage gave one the feeling that he was taut with life, like the thick jet of a fountain balanced at ease. He stood with the butt of his gun on the ground, staring insolently and questioningly at Syson. The dark, restless eyes of the trespasser, examining the man as if he were a tree or a flower, troubled the keeper and made him angry.

"Where's Naylor, and his velveteen skirts?" Syson inquired.

"You're not from the House, are you?" asked the keeper. It could not be, since everyone was away.

Syson's mobile mouth broke into a laugh.

"No, I'm not from the House," he said. It seemed to amuse him.

"Then are you going to answer my question?" said the keeper disagreeably.

"Which?—oh, certainly—I beg your pardon!" Syson was laughing all the time. "I am going to Willey Water Farm."

"This isn't the road." The man was certainly a bully.

"I think so. Down this path, paddle through the water from the well, and out by the white gate. I could go blindfold."

"Happen so, but you'd be trespassing all the same; did you know that?"

"Did I? Well, how strange! I am sorry. No, I used to come so often in Naylor's time I had forgotten. Where is he, by the way?"

"Crippled with rheumatism," the keeper answered reluctantly.

"I say!" Syson exclaimed in pain.

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"Might I ask who you are?" asked the keeper, with a new intonation.

"John Adderley Syson, late of Cordy Lane."

"As used to court Hilda Millership?"

Syson's eyes opened with a curious smile. He nodded. There was a very awkward silence.

"And you will introduce yourself?" asked Syson.

"Arthur Pilbeam—Naylor's my uncle," said the other.

"You live here in Nuttall?"

"I'm lodgin' at my uncle's—Mester Naylor's."

"I see!"

"Did you say as you was goin' down to Willey Water?" asked the keeper.

"Yes!"

"Well, at that rate—I should like you to know as I'm courtin' Hilda Millership."

The keeper looked at the intruder with a blaze of defiance, almost pitiful. Syson opened new eyes of astonishment.

"No-o?" he cried, with incredulous irony. The keeper went scarlet to the ears. But:

"And she," he said, huffed, "is keepin' company with me."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Syson.

The other man waited uncomfortably.

"And is it a fixed thing between you?" asked the intruder.

"What do you mean by that?" retorted the other, sulkily.

"Well—is she—are you thinking of getting married before long? Let's put it that way."

It was evidently a sore point. The keeper kicked at a sod.

"We sh'd ha' been married afore now, if——" Pilbeam was full of resentment.

"Ah!" Syson expressed his understanding in the monosyllable.

"I'm married myself," he added, after a time.

"You are!" exclaimed the other, incredulously, with a touch of contempt.

Syson laughed in his brilliant, quick way.

"This last fifteen months," he said.

The keeper stared at him with heavy, sulky, inscrutable gaze, apparently thinking back, and making connection.

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"Why, what of it?" asked Syson.

"Nothing," said the other sulkily, turning away. There was silence for a moment.

"Ah, well!" said Syson, "I will leave you. I suppose you don't intend to turn me back."

The keeper paid no attention. The two men stood high in an open space, grassy, set round with small sheaves of sturdy blue-bells; a little open platform on the brow of the hill. Syson took a few indecisive steps forward, then stopped.

"I say, how lovely!" he cried.

He had come in full view of the downslope. The wide path ran from his feet like a river, and it was full of blue-bells, save for a green winding thread down the centre, where the keeper walked. Like a stream the path opened into azure shallows at the levels, and there were pools of blue-bells, with still the green thread winding through, like a thin current of ice-water through blue lakes. And from under the twig-purple of the bushes swam the shadowed blue, as if the flowers lay in flood water over the woodland.

"Ah, isn't it lovely!" Syson exclaimed, a world of regret in his tones; for this was his past, the country he had abandoned, in which he was now only a visitor. Wood pigeons cooed overhead, and the air was full of the brightness of myriad birds singing.

"If you're married, as you reckon you are, what do you keep writin' to her for, an' sendin' her all them poetry books, an' things?" asked the keeper resentfully. Syson stared at him in astonishment for a time, then he began to smile:

"You see," he said, "I was not aware that she—that you——"

Again the keeper flushed scarlet: "But if you reckon to be married——" he charged.

"And then——?" queried the other mockingly.

But, looking down the blue, beautiful path, Syson felt he had been wrong. "I have been keeping her—a sort of dog-in-the-manger," he said to himself. Aloud: "She knows I'm married and all that," he said.

"What do you keep on with her for, then?" urged the keeper.

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"But why shouldn't I?" Syson returned. He knew quite well. There was silence. Syson suddenly struck his thigh with his gloves, and drew himself up.

"Good-day," he said, bowing, very polite and distant. He strode off downhill. Now, everything seemed to him ironic: the two sallows, one all gold and perfume and murmur, one silver green and bristly, reminded him that here he had taught her about pollination. And now, in the paths sacred to their youth, he was walking under smart of condemnation from a gamekeeper, for interfering with the latter's girl.

"Ah, well," he said to himself; "the poor chap seems to have a grudge against me because she won't marry him. I'll do my best on his behalf." He grinned to himself, being in a very bad temper.

The farm was less than a hundred yards from the wood's edge. Almost, the wall of trees seemed to form the fourth side to the open quadrangle. The house faced the wood. With many pangs, Syson noted the plum-blossoms falling on the daffodils and on the profuse, colored primroses, which he himself had brought here and set. How they had increased! There were thick tufts of scarlet, and pink, and pale purple primroses, under the plum-trees. He saw somebody glance at him through the kitchen window, heard men's voices.

The door opened suddenly: very womanly she had grown! He felt himself going pale.

"You?—Addy!" she exclaimed, and stood motionless.

"Who?" called the farmer's voice. Men's low voices answered. Those low voices, curious, and almost sneering, roused the ironic spirit in the visitor. Smiling brilliantly at her he bowed low:

"Myself—in all humility," he said.

The flush burned very deep on her cheek and throat.

"We are just finishing dinner," she said.

"Then I will stay outside." He made a motion to show that he would sit on the red earthenware pipkin that stood near the door among the daffodils, and contained the drinking water.

"Oh, no, come in," she said hurriedly. He entered with re-

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luctance. In the doorway, he glanced swiftly over the family, and bowed. Everyone was confused. The farmer, his wife, and the four sons sat at the coarsely laid dinner-table, the men with arms bare to the elbows.

"I am sorry I interrupt your lunch," said Syson.

"Don't mention it. Sit down and have a bit," said the farmer, trying to be free and easy.

"It's early for me," said Syson.

He noticed the women were uncomfortable, and would rather he did not accept.

"Why, what time *do* you reckon to have your dinner?" asked Frank, the second son, insolently.

"Dinner?—usually at half-past seven."

"Oh!—ah——!" sneered the sons in unison. They had once been intimate friends with this young man.

"We'll give Addy something when we've finished," said the mother, an invalid.

"Do not let me be any trouble. Lunch does not matter to me."

"He allus could live on fresh air an' scenery," laughed the youngest son, a lad of nineteen.

Syson went round the buildings, and into the orchard at the back of the house, where daffodils all along the hedgerow swung like yellow, ruffled birds on their perches. He loved the place extraordinarily, the hills ranging round, with bear-skin woods covering their giant shoulders, and small red farms like brooches clasping their garments; the blue streak of water in the valley, the bareness of the pasture on the home-hills, the sound of myriad-threaded bird-song, which went mostly unheard. To his last day, he would dream of this place, when he felt the sun on his face, or saw the small handfuls of snow between the winter twigs.

Hilda was very womanly. In her presence, he felt boyish. She was twenty-nine, as he was, but she seemed to him much older. As he was fingering some shed plum-blossoms on a low bough, she came to the back door to shake the table-cloth. Fowls raced from the stackyard, birds rustled from the trees. Her dark, auburn hair was gathered up in a coil like a crown on her

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head. She was very straight, imperious in her bearing. As she folded the cloth, she looked away over the hills.

Presently Syson returned indoors. She had prepared eggs and curd cheese, stewed gooseberries and cream.

"Since you will dine to-night," she said, "I have only given you a light lunch."

"It is perfectly arcadian and delightful," he said. "I almost look for your belt of straw and ivy buds."

Still they mocked each other with irony. He knew it hurt her. But—she was courting the gamekeeper and she should marry him.

In his private heart he was thinking: "What a woman she is—what a lot older she is!" He was afraid of her now, seeing her so much altered. Her curt, sure speech, her proud, hard bearing, her reserve, were unfamiliar to him. He admired again her gray-black eyebrows, and her lashes; he quarrelled with her set mouth, with the expressionless composure of her face. Their eyes met. He saw, in the beautiful gray and black of her glance, tears and bitterness, and, at the back of all, calm acceptance of sorrow.

"She's much older than I," he said to himself. With an effort he kept up the ironic manner.

She sent him into the parlor while she washed the dishes. The long low room was refurnished from the Abbey sale, with chairs upholstered in claret-colored rep, many years old, and an oval table of polished walnut, and a fresh piano, handsome, though still antique. In spite of the strangeness, he was pleased. Opening a high cupboard let into the thickness of the wall, he found it full of his books, his old lesson-books, and volumes of verse he had sent her, English and German. The daffodils in the white window-bottoms shone across the room, he could almost feel their rays. The old glamour caught him again. His youthful watercolors on the walls no longer made him grin; he remembered how fervently he had tried to paint for her, twelve years before.

She entered, wiping a dish, and he saw again the bright, kernel-white beauty of her arms.

"You are quite aristocratic here," he said, and their eyes met.

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"Do you like it?" she asked. It was the old, low, husky tone of intimacy. He felt a quick change beginning in his blood.

"Ay," he nodded, smiling at her like a boy again. She bowed her head.

"This was the countess's chair," she said in low tones. "I found her scissors down here between the padding."

"Ay—! Show me."

Quickly, with a lilt in her movement, she fetched her work-basket, and together they examined the long-shanked old scissors.

"What a ballad of dead ladies!" he said, laughing, as he fitted his fingers into the round loops of the dead countess's scissors.

"You are the only man who could use them," she said, with a little thrill. He looked at his fingers, and at the scissors:

"The only one of *your* men, perhaps," he said, putting the scissors aside with a sudden darkening in his soul. She turned to the window. He noticed the fine, fair down on her cheek and her upper lip, and her soft, white neck, like the throat of a nettle flower, and her forearms, bright as newly blanched kernels. She was being discovered afresh to him, who thought he knew her so thoroughly.

"Shall we go out a while?" she asked softly.

"Ay!" he answered. But the predominant emotion, that flooded over the daring and the ecstasy in his heart, was fear. Something big was going to happen to him and to her, unless he took care, his soul warned him.

She put no covering on her head, merely took off her apron, saying: "We will go by the larches." As they passed the old orchard, she called him in to show him a blue-tit's nest in one of the apple trees, and a sycock's in the hedge. He rather wondered at her surety, for she had been one to go dreamily unobservant.

"Look at the apple buds," she said, and he then perceived myriads of little scarlet balls among the drooping boughs. Watching his face, she laughed. He was dumb and stupid, and at the bottom, afraid. If he were going to fall in love with this old lover, whose youth had marched with his as stately, religious nights march beside reckless days, then it would be a

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love that would invade many lives and lay them waste. His soul realized this, not his reason. His mind was almost paralyzed.

For her part, she was brilliant as he had not known her. She showed him nests: a jenny wren's in a low bush.

"See this jinty's!" she exclaimed.

He was surprised to hear her use the local name. She reached carefully through the thorns, and put her finger in the nest's round door.

"Five!" she said. "Teenty little things."

She showed him nests of robins, and chaffinches, and linnets, and buntings; of a wag-tail beside the water:

"And if we go down, nearer the lake, I will show you a king-fisher's. . . ."

"Among the young fir trees," she said, "there's a throstle's or a blackie's on nearly every shelf—hundreds. The first day, when I had seen them all, I felt as if I mustn't go in the wood. It seemed a city of birds: and in the morning, hearing them all, I thought of the clamor of early markets. I was afraid to go in my own wood."

The wasted poet in him did honor to her. He felt weak as water in her hands. She did not mind his silence, but was always a brilliant hostess entertaining him in her wood. As they came along a marshy path where forget-me-nots were opening in a rich blue drift:

"We know all the birds, but there are many flowers we can't find out—I can't find out," she quickly corrected herself.

"We?" he questioned.

She looked dreamily across to the open fields that slept in the sun:

"I have a lover as well, you know," she gently reprimanded him, dropping again into the intimate tone.

This woke in him the spirit of combat.

"I think I met him. He is very bonny—also in Arcady."

Without answering, she turned into a dark path that led up hill, where the trees and undergrowth were very thick.

"They did well," she said at length, "to have various altars to various gods, in old days."

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"Ah, yes!" he agreed. "And which have you turned to now?"

"Do you think I have left the old one?" she asked pathetically.

"No, not really. It was your highest, the one you kneeled at with me——"

"But *you* have left it," she said. A quick, painful frown came on his face.

"Ay, but the man doesn't matter so much," he said. There was a pause.

"And you are mistaken. I *have* turned away," she admitted in a low, husky tone, averting her face from him.

There was silence, during which he pondered. The path was almost flowerless, gloomy. At the side, his heels sank into soft clay.

"No," she said, very slowly, "I was married the same night as you."

He looked at her a quick question.

"Not legally, of course," she replied, in the same grave, deliberate manner. "But—actually."

"'Tandaradei,'" he mocked.

She turned to him brightly.

"You thought I could not!" she said. But the flush was deep in her cheek and throat for all her seeming assurance.

Still he would not say anything.

"You see"—she was making an effort to explain—"*I* had to understand also, to keep pace."

To keep pace, she meant, with Syson, whom she loved with the deepest part of her nature.

"And does it amount to much, this *understanding?*" he asked, cynically. She was shocked.

"A very great deal:—does it not to you?" she replied.

"And you are not disappointed?"

"Far from it!" Her tone was deep and sincere.

"Then you love him?"

"Yes, I love him." She was tender, and gentle, in her thought of the keeper.

"Good!" he said.

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This silenced her for a while.

"Here, in his own world, I do love him truly," she said.

His conceit would not let him be silent.

"And me?" he asked bitingly.

"So different!" she cried.

He laughed shortly.

"You turned opportunist!" he said.

"'Tis your doing," she replied.

For a moment, the hearts of the two stood still with despair.

They came to a place where the undergrowth shrank away, leaving a bare, brown space, pillared with the brick-red and purplish trunks of pine trees. On the fringe was the sombre green of elder trees, with flat flowers in bud, and bright, unfurling pennons of fern. In the midst of the bare space stood a keeper's log hut. Pheasant-coops were lying about, some occupied by a clucking hen; some empty.

Hilda walked over the brown pine needles to the hut, took a key from among the eaves and opened the door. It was a bare wooden place with a carpenter's bench and form, carpenter's tools, an axe, snares, traps, some skins pegged down, everything in order. Hilda closed the door. Syson examined the weird flat coats of wild animals that were pegged down to be cured. She pressed some knots of wood in the side wall, and an opening appeared in the bare logs, disclosing a second, small apartment.

"Is he a romantic, then?" asked Syson, ponderingly.

"Perhaps so! He is very curious—up to a certain point, cunning—in a nice sense,— and inventive, and so thoughtful—but not beyond a certain point."

She pulled back a dark-green curtain. The apartment was occupied almost entirely by a large couch of heather and bracken, on which was spread an ample rabbit-skin rug. On the floor were patchwork rugs of cat-skin, and a red calf-skin, while hanging from the wall were other furs. Hilda took down one, which she put on. It was a cloak of rabbit-skin edged with white fur, and with a hood, apparently of the skins of stoats. She laughed at Syson from out of this barbaric mantle, saying:

"What do you think of it?"

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"Ah—! I congratulate you on your man," he replied.

"And look!" she said.

In a little jar on a shelf were some sprays, frail and white, of the first honeysuckle.

"They will scent the place at night," she said.

He looked round curiously.

"Then where does your lover come short?" he asked. She gazed at him for a few moments.

"The stars aren't the same with him," she said, intensely. "You could make them flash and quiver, and the forget-me-nots come up at me like phosphorescence. I have tested long enough. I know it is true."

He laughed, saying:

"After all, stars and forget-me-nots are only luxuries."

"Ay," she assented sadly. "It is a pity."

Again he laughed quickly at her.

"Why?" he asked, mockingly.

She turned swiftly. He was leaning against the small window of the tiny, obscure room, and was watching her, who stood in the doorway, still cloaked in her mantle. His cap was removed, so she saw his face and head distinctly in the dim room. His black, straight, glossy hair was brushed clean back from his brow. His black eyes were playing a polite game with her, and his face, that was clear and creamy, and perfectly smooth and healthy, was flickering with polite irony.

"You are very different," she said bitterly.

Again he laughed.

"I see you disapprove of me," he said.

"I disapprove of what you are becoming," she said.

"But you have still hopes of me! Then what must I do to be——" he checked himself—"to avoid this calamity?"

She saw that he was always laughing at her.

"If your own soul doesn't tell you, I cannot."

"I say," he cried, mock-serious, "where have I heard that before——? Besides," he continued politely, "one cannot live in Rome without being Romanized—unless one is fantastically patriotic—and really you know, I am of no country."

"No——?" she said bitterly.

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"Unless I have been adopted unaware." That, he felt, was insulting, and his spirit turned in shame.

"You are a Roman of the Romans," she said, sarcastically.

"Of the emasculated period," he laughed. "But 'twas you would have it so."

"I!" she exclaimed.

"You *would* have me take the Grammar School scholarship —and you would have me foster poor little Botell's fervent attachment to me, till he couldn't live without me—and because Botell was rich and influential, you insisted on my accepting the wine-merchant's offer to send me to Cambridge, there to chaperon his only child. Then you bade me go into the business until I had money—and then—and then—well, 'Now' is the realization. I have done exceedingly well for an orphan son of a village schoolmaster——"

"And I am responsible?" she asked, with sarcasm.

"I was a most plastic youth," he laughed.

"Ah," she cried, "I sent you away too young."

"But I am a *great* success—and really, I enjoy it. You keep preaching me the 'tongues in trees' business, and 'good in everything' that is not London. But I assure you, there's quite a lot to be said for my side. 'I would not change it.'"

"You are too glib," she said, in very cutting tones.

"I always had that defect," he said, bowing.

There was a rattling at the outer latch, and the keeper entered. The woman glanced round, but remained standing, furcloaked, in the inner doorway. Syson, quite indifferent, did not move.

The keeper entered, saw, and turned away without speaking. The others also were silent.

Pilbeam attended to his skins.

"Have we finished our duel?" asked Syson.

"I have nothing more to say," she replied.

"Then I give you 'To our vast and varying fortunes.'" He lifted his hand in pledge.

"'To our vast and varying fortunes,'" she answered, bowing gravely, and speaking in cold tones.

"Arthur!" she said.

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The keeper pretended not to hear. Syson, watching keenly, began to smile. The woman drew herself up.

"Arthur!" she said again, with a curious upward inflection, which warned the two men that her soul was trembling on one of those sudden changes that are so striking in women; as when a drop of acid suddenly throws out a black, turbid precipitate in a clear liquid.

The keeper slowly put down his tool and came to her.

"Yes," he said.

"I wanted to introduce you," she said, cold and deliberate.

"I know him—I've met him before," growled the keeper.

"Never mind—I want to introduce you formally. Addy, Mr. Pilbeam, to whom I am engaged to be married. Arthur—Mr. Syson, who was an old friend of ours." Syson bowed, but the other mechanically held out his hand. The two men shook hands.

"Allow me to congratulate you heartily," said Syson. In his heart he was saying bitterly, "Mrs. Pilbeam—Good God!"

He bade her good-bye.

"Which way will you go?" she asked.

"Over Foster's," he replied.

"Arthur, you will go with Mr. Syson to the gate," she said.

They went all three together down the gloomy path.

"Ah!—

**'Les beaux jours de bonheur indicible**
**Où nous joignions nos bouches. . . .'"**

quoted Syson, half-sincere, half-mocking.

"*C'est possible!*" she replied, in the same spirit.

"Good!" he cried. "We might have rehearsed it. I never could help being sentimental. How does it go on?——

**'Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir.'"**

"I never liked farce," she replied, cuttingly. "Besides, *we* cannot walk in *our* wild oats. You were too modest and good to sow any at that time."

Syson looked at her. He was shocked that she could sneer at their young love, which had been the greatest thing he had

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known. Certainly he had killed her love at last, as he had often wished he could. Now he felt a great sense of desolation.

At the bottom of the path she left him. As he went along with the keeper toward the open, he said:

"You will let me know when you are going to be married, will you?"

"Why?" asked the keeper.

"Because she will not write to me—at least till after—I know."

"Well—!" said the keeper, disagreeably, but hesitating.

"I shan't be in Nuttall again for years—perhaps never. I shall want to know your news, for all that. So if you'll write to me, I will write to you. All the correspondence shall be between us two."

He handed the young keeper his card.

"All right then—we'll let it stand at that."

They were at the gate. Syson held out his hand. When he was a dozen yards across the field, the other called:

"I say. I s'l only write when there's something definite."

"Quite so!" said Syson, and each turned his separate way.

Instead of going straight to the high road gate, Syson went along the wood's edge, where the brook spread out in a little bog, and under the alder trees, among the reeds, great yellow stools and bosses of marigolds shone. Threads of brown water trickled by, touched with gold from the flowers. Suddenly there was a blue flash in the air, as a kingfisher passed.

Syson was extraordinarily wretched. He climbed the bank to the gorse bushes, whose sparks of blossom had not yet gathered into a flame. Lying on the dry brown turf, he discovered sprigs of tiny purple milkwort and pink spots of lousewort. He began to count his losses. In spite of himself, he was unutterably miserable, though not regretful. He would not alter what he had done. Yet he was drearily, hopelessly wretched. After a while he had got it clear.

"She always knew the best of me, and believed in the best I might be. While she kept her ideal 'Me' living, I was sort of responsible to her: I must live somewhere up to standard. Now

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I have destroyed Myself in her, and I am alone, my star is gone out. I have destroyed the beautiful 'Me' who was always ahead of me, nearer the realities. And I have struck the topmost flower from off her faith. And yet it was the only thing to do, considering all the other folk. . . ."

He lay quite still, feeling a kind of death.

Presently he heard voices: the keeper was coming down the path with Hilda.

"Say what ails thee?" Syson heard the keeper ask gently, but with a touch of resentment.

"I am a bit upset—don't bother me," pleaded the woman.

Syson turned over. The air was full of the sound of larks, as if the sunshine above were condensing and falling in a shower. Amid this bright sound, the voices sounded like horn-music.

"Yes, but what upsets thee?" persisted the man.

"Go home now, Arthur. I will talk to you to-night."

Syson looked through the bushes. Hilda was leaning on the gate, tears running down her face. The man was in the field, loitering by the hedge, and, Syson at last made out, was catching the bees as they settled on the white bramble flowers, crushing them in his palm, and letting them fall. He did not know what he was doing.

There was silence for a while, in which Syson imagined her tears among the brightness of the larks. Suddenly the keeper exclaimed "Ah!"—and swore loudly. He was gripping at the sleeve of his coat, near the shoulder. Then he pulled off his jacket, threw it on the ground, and absorbedly rolled up his shirt sleeve right to the shoulder.

"Ah!" he said vindictively, as he picked out the bee and flung it away. He twisted his fine, bright arm, peering awkwardly over his shoulder.

"What is it?" asked Hilda quietly.

"A bee—crawled up my sleeve and stung me," he answered.

"Come here to me," she said.

The keeper went to her, like a sulky boy. She took his handsome arm in her hands.

"Here it is—and the sting left in—poor bee!"

She picked out the sting, put her mouth to his arm and

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sucked away the drop of poison. As she looked at the red mark her mouth had made, and at his arm, she said, laughing winsomely out of her tears:

"That is the reddest kiss you will ever have."

He put his arms round her, and was kissing her. When Syson next looked up, at the sound of voices, he saw the keeper with his mouth on the throat of his beloved, whose head was thrown back, and whose hair had fallen, so that one rough rope of dark brown hair hung across his bare arm.

"No," the woman answered. "I am not upset because he's gone. You won't understand. . . ."

Syson could not distinguish what the man said. Hilda replied, clear and distinct:

"You know I love you. He has gone quite out of my life —I don't know what I should do without you. . . ." She ended plaintively. He kissed her warmly, murmuring. She laughed quickly.

"Yes," she said indulgent, but slightly bitter. "We will be married, we will be married. You can tell people, and make arrangements." He embraced her again. Syson heard nothing for a time. Then she said:

"You must go home now, dear—you will get no sleep."

"Shall we be married at church, or chapel, or what——?"

"We will be married at church."

It was the first time she had used the plural pronoun in that way. It moved the keeper to embrace her fervently. At last he pulled on his coat and departed. She stood at the gate, not watching him, but looking south over the sunny counties toward London, far away.

When at last she had gone, Syson also departed, going south.

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# EUGENICS AND THE CHILD

NORMAN BARNESBY, M.D.

ALTHOUGH there is a very true saying that the child is father to the man, it is equally and universally true that the man is father to the child, and must begin to recognize, much more clearly than he has done, all that is implied in that relationship. Long before Eugenics became an organized science—or, according to Mr. G. K. Chesterton and others, an organized nuisance—the average man and the exceptional man were in the habit of transmitting to their children what they themselves had inherited in the way of sound or unsound bodies and minds. But they did not, as a rule, think particularly about the matter. We have learnt, in recent years, that it is precisely about such matters that we may with exceeding profit do our most persistent and intelligent thinking.

The inquiries of Eugenics reach down to the very bases of human life. As the results of those researches become more widely known, the inevitable result will be the enactment of laws to correct deteriorating influences. Wise laws of this kind, and their honest administration, can do good; they can do much good: but they cannot deal with anything like the whole problem of mental, physical and moral health. Not laws, but men and women, must build up public opinion and develop private action if the results are to be vital and permanent; and the main hope lies in the spreading of essential knowledge amongst all classes, instead of confining it to a small and often comparatively powerless minority.

The best time to begin to acquire such knowledge is, of course, during childhood and early youth. It is almost impossible to commence too early, if the information is given by degrees, wisely, lovingly, comprehendingly. In early years our brains are more plastic and impressionable, and what we learn then becomes a matter of conviction, almost of conscience. What we have been taught—if we have been taught wisely and not narrowly—of good or evil, in youth, becomes second nature in later life.

The principles of Eugenics are half at least of the modern



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Decalogue. Parents who are still ignorant must learn the essentials painstakingly, and then, to the best of their ability, with tact and judgment and a high sense of responsibility, impress them upon the minds of their children—both boys and girls.

It is now known as surely as anything can be known that certain mental, moral and physical traits are transmitted from parents to children, and to later descendants. Insanity, moral obliquity, criminal tendencies and mental defects are thus transmitted, and the laws under which they are so transmitted are beginning to be well understood. Careful study has been made of the family histories of hundreds of insane, feeble-minded, criminal and alcoholic inmates of public institutions, and it has been made clear that the births of defective children follow settled laws. Our knowledge is now so accurate that it is possible to predict almost exactly the kind of children that will be born to parents whose heredity and mental habits are known. If both parents are defective, *all* their children will be defective. If one parent only is defective, a certain percentage of the children will be defective.

These things are no longer matters of conjecture, but of definite scientific knowledge. How shall we use this knowledge for the benefit of our children? First, try to make their environment such as will coöperate with nature and permit the normal development of the children; and while you are developing strong and beautiful bodies, try to train the minds to keep pace with the physical development. Diet, exercise, play and education require the most intelligent and yet the most common-sense supervision. Give plenty of good, wholesome food, but teach clearly the evils of gluttony and faddism. Remember that in early life a sound body is more important than an over-cultivated mind, with its possible consequences of nervous derangement. Be careful, therefore, not to ruin the child's proper and harmonious development by premature and unduly severe educational efforts. Be patient. Teach the fundamentals quietly, thoroughly. In all things, try to preserve the ideal of normality, avoiding forced growth, excitement, unnecessary stimulus and straining.

Most children are normal and inclined to play and romp; but sometimes we see timid, gentle or diffident children who find it

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hard or even impossible to hold their own against stronger and more aggressive playfellows. Such children are often of rare and beautiful types mentally and spiritually. Their fine natures are jarred or hurt by the relative crudeness, roughness and thoughtlessness of other children of their own age, who cannot understand them and often persecute them. These remarks apply chiefly to boys of this type. Their bringing up is a matter of serious importance, and the intelligence, or lack of it, shown by the parents means much for the future attitude of the diffident or backward child toward others. Such a boy is indeed fortunate if he has a father who possesses patience and discrimination. As a rule his diffidence and seeming cowardice indicate a mere lack of confidence which could easily be given to him by a sympathetic and sensible father. What he needs is not protection from rough and rude boys, but self-confidence; and this must be instilled into him practically. He must be taught to use and believe in his own strength, to become self-reliant and thoroughly able to defend himself. This is not said to encourage rowdyism in boys; but it is absolutely necessary to teach gentle and finely strung boys to protect themselves and not to submit to the humiliation of being browbeaten by bullies. There is no more blighting, and even fatal, handicap to a young man than lack of self-confidence—a reasonable and sound confidence in his physical ability to take care of himself.

If you have provided for your children a good heredity and an environment which has permitted nature to give them strong, healthy bodies, the next duty is to educate them in the essential facts of life. It is not merely useless, it is utterly pernicious, to ignore sex conditions; and teaching should be begun while the mind of the child is plastic and pure, able to accept natural facts with perfect simplicity, and to absorb and incorporate in character the sense of beauty, fitness and naturalness that will be associated with such truths by all healthy and decent men and women. A child can be taught the facts of love, union and reproduction as simply as he can be taught his alphabet; he will accept unquestioningly the teaching that is given to him with insight and affection. The false shame that comes from the false secrecy so long habitual amongst adults, is entirely absent from a child whose

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nature has not been vitiated by wrong training, undesirable companions and an unhealthy environment.

The best and most natural teaching is along biological lines. Begin very simply with the reproductive processes in plant life, passing to the insect and lower animal life, thence to the higher animals, and finally, by natural and easy transition, to reproduction in the human kingdom. This method of teaching sex relations has been tried by many teachers, and invariably with complete success. Sincere workers in this field have repeatedly told me of the wonderful improvement in the minds, manners and sympathies of boys and girls fortunate enough to have had sex matters explained to them in this sane and simple way, instead of through the vile channels by which children, especially boys, usually get their perverted ideas of this supreme fact in physical nature.

The important objects of sex knowledge for young people are: First, to enable them to understand themselves, their desires and passions, and to learn to control these in their relation to themselves and to others. Second, to enable them, as the lessons of childhood come to maturity and bear fruit, to bring more than blind and temporary attraction to the choice of their life-comrade. Third, by teaching them the truth and the essential beauty of nature, to safeguard them from the false or vicious hints and teaching of those whose minds are distorted, and who still regard the simple facts of natural life as unclean and impure. Fourth, to prevent, by the clear counsel that will supplement in youth the lessons of childhood, the terrible afflictions of venereal disease.

Morality is not an accident. It is the result of sound heredity, rational training, and healthy environment.

Immorality, so long considered inevitable, is no more natural in the race than consumption. But enlightened and persistent treatment is as necessary to eliminate the one disease as the other.

Most parents are unaware that sexual immorality among school children is common and widespread. Two factors are chiefly responsible—ignorance, due to the deplorable neglect of parents; and perfectly natural curiosity as to sex matters. Not one only, but both of these causes of growing degeneration must

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be ascribed to parental neglect, indifference, dulness, or so-called modesty. Of all false conceptions, the false conception of modesty is the most deplorable. Parents who for any reason have neglected the supremely important, and indeed sacred duty of training their children to understand the primary facts of life, and essentially of sex life, are simply preparing the way for the corruption and degeneration of youth. The things which are forbidden or tabooed, without any lucid or convincing explanation, are invariably attractive in a morbid and almost irresistible way. No boy, and few girls, of spirit and strong personality, will be satisfied with vague and flimsy reasons for the prohibition of impulses and pleasures which they soon learn are occupying the better part of the attention of most people. Rebuffed by their "modest" parents, they will soon find out from other and secret or insidious sources.

It is deplorable that owing to the perverse stupidity of many parents, the youth of both sexes are usually denied sex education from their most natural teachers, so that their first and most lasting impressions of sex relations, derived from ignorant or vicious sources, are almost hopelessly distorted and perverted. Instead of the true conception of sex as the most profound, important and beautiful fact in human life, there is substituted a conception involving secrecy, shame and "nastiness." I wish to emphasize, as emphatically as I can, the entire responsibility of the parents. A true and noble view of sex relations broadens and ennobles all life. A perverted and abnormal view degrades or obscures the higher self and shuts the door against all that is most beautiful and inspiring.

The foundation of sex education must be placed in utter confidence between parent and child. Very gradually, the child must be guided to see that there is nothing secret or shameworthy in the functions of the body. True modesty must be sacredly safeguarded, but false modesty must not be allowed to develop. It is not natural; it is merely a perversion due to distorted and unhealthy conventions. When the child has accepted unquestioningly, as it will accept, the true, clear-eyed view of its own body and the facts of human life, more definite and detailed instruction can be given. The meaning of puberty should be explained in

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due time, and then, carefully and wisely, the temptations and inevitable penalties of promiscuous sexual intercourse must be unfolded. Every year, the venereal diseases, syphilis and gonorrhœa, ruin tens of thousands of lives, and sterilize and deteriorate the race. No boy or girl should pass through the years of youth without being made familiar with these fundamental facts, as naturally and obviously as they are made familiar with a thousand and one facts of general knowledge and daily custom. But far too often we find a boy who is considered fit to grapple with the Binomial Theorem and the laws of chemical combination, or a girl who is studying the psychology of apperception or wrestling with the intricacies of the Aristotelian Sorites, utterly and wickedly ignorant of the elementary processes of life—except for vicious and corrosive suggestions from the crude and unbalanced prompters of evil. These are always only too eager to convey in their own way the information withheld by the parent or guardian. Definite instruction in sex matters must be no longer a matter of individual choice or neglect. It is an absolute and fundamental duty.

Children who have been wisely brought up in the understanding of the teachings of Eugenics, and in the fulfilment of those teachings in their daily life, will reach maturity with strong and definite convictions as to the importance of keeping up the standard of the race, or, rather, of insuring its continued progress and betterment. They will realize their own responsibility to posterity. They will learn to distinguish between true and false love, between temporary attraction and permanent affection. Those who are under the influence of passion do not usually reflect as to the future consequences, to themselves or to others; but those who have been taught that their future life-comrade should be not only lovable in himself or herself, but entirely fit to be the parent of healthy children, will at least be more likely to choose well and happily, and less likely to be carried away by impulse and passion, than those who do not understand the supreme significance of Eugenics.

It has been shown that mental defects may " skip " one generation, under certain conditions, but reappear in the next. Hence it is unwise to marry a member of a family in which there

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is any record of insanity, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, criminality, or marked eccentricity. Marriages of people of good stock with those associated with such defects are strongly liable to yield at least one or more defective children. No temporary impulse should be allowed to over-master the sense of duty and prepare the way for future intolerable remorse.

With regard to alcohol, there can be no temporizing, from the eugenic point of view. While many men who indulge too freely during youth do straighten up more or less completely in after life, the majority do not. Alcoholic indulgence is playing with fire for even the best kind of youth. Even in moderate quantities, alcohol invariably lowers the coefficient of efficiency, retards the mental processes, dulls the keenness of vision and hearing, diminishes the sensitiveness of touch and smell; in a word, it interferes with all physical and mental action, and is thus distinctly a poisonous and habit-producing drug, always dangerous and often deadly.

It is important to remember that normal individuals do not naturally and of choice indulge to any large extent in alcohol—unless they have unfortunately been thrown frequently into the company of undesirable self-styled "sports"; and even the acquiescence in this kind of companionship indicates some degree of mental inferiority. Hence young men who are frequently seen under the influence of alcohol, or with the odor of it upon their persons, may, as a general rule, be classed as belonging to inferior types, either through heredity or environment. A young girl is therefore taking a long and dangerous chance when she marries an habitual drinker. Such a man is deteriorating, slowly, perhaps, but surely, in all ways—morally, mentally and physically. This deterioration by means of alcoholism is transmissible to offspring, and the children of a drunkard are apt to inherit all of their father's bad tendencies and weaknesses, with little, perhaps, of his original strength, which has been altogether vitiated by the poison. Nearly every girl who falls in love with a "drinker" tries to make an exception in her own case, and has confidence in her ability to reform the man she admires for his other qualities. Some millions of women, altogether, have married with this idea, looking forward confidently to the future; but

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a baby could count the number who have not paid the penalty that they invited—a wrecked life and a dreary home.

It is advisable here to refer to marriages between cousins. Eugenics has thrown a new light on this subject. When two defectives marry, all their defects are emphasized in their children. When sound persons of good stock marry, their good qualities are emphasized as they are transmitted to their children. Here is the explanation of the common opinion that the children of parents who were cousins are apt to be defective. When cousins marry, their children are prone to inherit and combine, in a marked degree, the family traits, good or bad. Hence when cousins of a defective or neurotic family marry, they will probably produce children in whom the worst tendencies of the family will reappear, emphasized. When normal cousins of good stock marry, they will have good, or even superior, children.

It is quite clear from this that cousins should not marry unless they are themselves normal, with altogether sound heredity.

Strong corroboration on a large scale of the principle that inbreeding tends to deterioration by emphasis of defectiveness is shown in the Jewish race. The latest New York statistics reveal that the Jews furnish by far the largest racial percentage of the forms of insanity and mental deficiency which have their basis in constitutional inferiority. This must be ascribed to inbreeding, especially as the Jews present almost no cases of mental disease or defects depending upon syphilis and alcoholism.

The golden rule of medicine is, Prevention is better than cure. The best way of curing disease is to prevent it. The best and most certain way to improve the race is to see that we have no defective children. Defectives and criminals should not be allowed to marry, unless previously sterilized by a surgical operation. As a matter of fact, the laws of several of our States now provide for the sterilization of habitual criminals, for the protection and purification of the race.

Instruct your children in the principles of Eugenics. Give them the knowledge that will help to make them wiser and stronger and better men and women; that will guide them to a sure happiness in marriage and bless their homes with the noblest kind of children.

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# THE GIFT OF ASIA

CLAUDE BRAGDON

*It is summer in the Adirondacks. The disc of the rising sun is just appearing above the summit of the mountain, which enfolds with its long arm of shadow the sleeping lake.*

*In a rustic kiosk, two men, a Poet and an Actor, stand looking at the growing glory of the sunrise, which, like a torch, lights up tier after tier of distant trees.*

*Presently the Poet takes a book out of his coat pocket, seats himself, and begins to read.*

THE ACTOR. [*A little scornfully*] Why do you bury your nose in a book, at this hour, and in this place? Has the sunrise already begun to bore you?

THE POET. [*Absently*] The sunrise is here, in this book—and in my heart.

THE ACTOR. [*Surprised and a trifle disconcerted*] And what, pray, do you mean by that?

THE POET. The sun, you know, never rises. You have succumbed again to an ancient illusion. You are aware, I take it, that it is only the axial motion of the earth which has brought our hemisphere into an ever-existent light.

THE ACTOR. Of course; but that doesn't answer my question. Besides, you contradict yourself. The sunrise in your "book and heart"—isn't that an illusion too?

THE POET. [*Oracularly*] Yes, for many an eager heart to-day there is the illusion of an orb having risen, simply because the soul's dark hemisphere has wheeled into the ever-shining Presence, after a night of troubled sleep. The spiritual light of the world, like sunlight, streams forth periodically from the East. That light is in this book, which contains the stored-up wisdom of the East.

THE ACTOR. [*With some impatience*] Why should a good American like you go to such far, strange sources for inspiration? Have you exhausted all that there is in the teachings of Christ?



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THE POET. I might answer that Christ himself was an Oriental, but I'll content myself with stating my belief that the West has so ignored or misconceived Christ's message that to understand it aright we must go back to the pure source whence it was derived.

THE ACTOR. [*With suppressed sarcasm*] And what is that, pray, according to your notion?

THE POET. The Ancient Wisdom of the Aryan race; for as the Aryan is the source of our western races, and its language, the Sanskrit, the source of our western languages, so is the ancient religion of India the fecund mother of all religions that have since appeared in the world.

THE ACTOR. [*Incredulously*] Do you mean to tell me that all religions are the same?

THE POET. Exotically, no; esoterically, yes. All the differences between religions are differences of form and not of content: colorations caused by the mind of man in reflecting the white light of a truth implanted in him from the beginning of his life on earth.

THE ACTOR. [*At last interested*] And why have we lost this truth—since I infer that you think we have lost it?

THE POET. We have not lost it: it has only been overlooked and overlaid. In the strange narrowness of mid-Victorian materialism we had come to conceive of life as a laboratory full of things awaiting classification. We were industriously proceeding to affix the proper labels and to arrange our bottles when—something occurred; the birth of WONDER. Then the labels we had written became silly or meaningless and the bottles broke in our hands. In the air of that mysterious morning, amid the ruins of our system, did we interrogate the dark. There was a moment of suspense, of wonder—then light broke in the East.

THE ACTOR. [*Again sarcastic*] When you say "we," for whom are you speaking? Not for me, surely, or you wouldn't be speaking *to* me. And when, pray tell me, did this great event occur? I've seen no reference to it in the magazines or papers; it hasn't yet been made into a play or a tale.

THE POET. I speak for those to whom the Ancient Wisdom of the East became the particular sun of their salvation, and its

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dawning occurred—so strange seem the ways of the Masters of Wisdom—when their faithful disciple, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, that stormy petrel's soul in a woman's body, brought the Gift of Asia to this land, destined to bring forth in travail the sons and daughters of a great new race.

THE ACTOR. [*Puzzled but interested*] And what is this "Gift of Asia"? I confess I quite fail to understand.

THE POET. It is the oldest and the greatest of all sciences, the Science of Release. Release, the Upanishads say, exists in the soul like the quality of clearness in a mirror. Cleanse the mirror and it reflects an image: so in the soul, beneath the karmic accumulation of centuries of vain self-seeking, exists ever that quality of clearness which will one day reveal the Divine Image. For the soul bears in itself its own salvation; it has no need for ritual or observance, nor for the midwifery of minister or priest.

THE ACTOR. [*Impressed*] That is beautiful, and somehow familiar, though I can't say that I ever heard it put in just the way you put it. Go on, tell me more.

THE POET. [*Warming to his subject*] According to the ancient teaching, man is himself the Eternal Thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts. The Self in man, the Knower, the Enjoyer, being one with the Great Self, is not born, nor does it die. That which we call birth is but the assumption, by an immortal individual, of a physical limitation—a perishable personality—for the purpose of experiencing certain reactions. That which we call death is the withdrawal from the self-imposed limitation, no more an end than birth is a beginning.

You are an actor. Well, just as at the end of a play you lay aside, with the clothes you have worn, the character you were assuming, and forgetting for a time the part and the playhouse, resume your proper and true life; so, at the death of the body, the immortal individual discards the transitory personality which it has animated. It resumes its life—like your own never really intermitted—on planes of being of which, because of the limitation of its consciousness to lower spaces, it has been unaware.

THE ACTOR. And does this thing go on indefinitely: does the individual incarnate again and again, just as I return to the

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theatre night after night, assuming different parts on different nights?

THE POET. That's the idea, exactly. The individual, related to its successive personalities as you are related to the characters in your répertoire, comes again and again upon the lighted stage of the world in different bodies; and for an analogous reason: for enrichment, for enjoyment, for self-realization.

THE ACTOR. Why, then, do we not remember our incarnations just as I remember my parts?

THE POET. In its free state, in ampler spaces, the soul does remember. When we have mastered the art of life we shall remember without intermission, for there are those who do remember, here and now. But for the most part we are too immersed in the precarious business of living to be conscious of aught else. To have recourse again to our analogy, you yourself once told me that every good actor "psychologizes" the part he happens to be playing; that is, he so identifies his consciousness with a character as to experience the thoughts and emotions proper to it, and the vicissitudes of the rôle become his own. That he may truly realize and render a fiction, he permits it for the time being to hold sway over his soul. Only at the fall of the final curtain does the memory of all that he has shut out flow back into his mind. Even so the soul is overcome by the illusions of the world.

THE ACTOR. [*Admiringly*] Well, I must say that's a clever way of presenting the doctrine of Reincarnation to a man of my calling. But you don't mean to tell me that it's all put so neatly and completely there in your "Sacred Book of the East"?

THE POET. [*With enthusiasm*] It is stated far better than I can state it. Listen. [*Reads*] "And as a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another newer and more beautiful shape, so does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another newer and more beautiful shape." [*Reads*] "An eternal portion of me it is, which becoming an individual soul in the mortal world, draws the senses with the mind as a sixth." That is to say, in order to live in a world such as ours a physical body is necessary. The Higher Self, working through the individual soul, plans

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such a body and brings it to birth through ordinary generation. Throughout the lifetime, the body is tempered into an even finer, firmer, and more sensitive vehicle for knowledge, for enjoyment, for self-expression. When the Higher Self has worn out one such vehicle, it destroys it, and repeats the process until it has taught the soul the precious secret of Release.

THE ACTOR. [*Puzzled*] Release—I don't know just what you mean by release.

THE POET. Sleep is release, death is release, for in these states the soul returns to its immortal source; but the Great Release is that which liberates from the round of births and deaths, and many lives are consumed in its achievement. [*Reads*] "If a man can not understand it before the falling asunder of the body, then he has to take bodies again in the worlds of creation."

THE ACTOR. [*Eagerly*] And how may one come to understand it?

THE POET. To "understand it" is to recognize no reality save the Great Self; to look upon sin, sickness, suffering, as illusions of the personality; born of ignorance and limitation.

THE ACTOR. That sounds suspiciously like Christian Science. It certainly reduces life to a very simple formula—too simple—for how then do you account for that ceaseless warfare between good and evil impulses, which constitutes the very warp and woof of life, and the reality of which it is impossible to question?

THE POET. The Ancient Wisdom accounts for this sharp conflict in a manner curiously in accord with the ideas of Schopenhauer, who, by his own avowal, was deeply in debt to Eastern philosophy. The parallel is so striking that I have copied here what Schopenhauer says. [*Reads*] "The one will which objectifies itself in all ideas always seeks the highest possible objectification, and has therefore in this case given up the lower grades of its manifestation after a conflict, in order to appear in a higher grade, and one so much the more powerful. No victory without conflict: since a higher idea or objectification of will can only appear through a lower, it endures the opposition of these lower ideas, which, although brought into subjection, will

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strive to obtain an independent and complete expression of their being."

These husks of the embodied Self, the objectifications of old thoughts, old habits, old desires, are animated by the reflex action of the aspiring soul, and grasp at it with ghostly fingers in order to repeat the old delight. They are like the *succubi* of the Middle Ages, which in the semblance of beautiful women visited young men in their sleep and then disintegrated before their eyes. Thus do the living strive ever against the vampire embraces of their dead. It has been said that "The Devil is composed of God's ruins"—the only antagonist of the soul is that which it was yesterday.

THE ACTOR. How do you explain what we Christians call "sin," and have you anything in your system which corresponds to what we name the crucifixion and the redemption (I use these terms in their mystical sense) and to those other hallowed and familiar ideas embodied in what I shall have to call "enlightened" Christianity, to distinguish it from old-fashioned Orthodoxy?

THE POET. The body, organized and animated by the soul, is built of that "elemental essence" which has a tendency downward toward form, instead of upward toward spirit: the father of this flesh was the fire mist, the mother was water, and in obedience to the law of its being it is hastening toward those states, forms and conditions which the soul itself has long ago transcended and left behind. Only by overcoming this downward tendency of its vehicle can the soul redeem its world, which is the body. Hence it must immerse itself, must crucify itself in matter. It must redeem its body from sin. This crucifixion is the price of redemption. Its peril is lest the divine fragment will itself be drawn (for a time) into the vortex of the descending stream of evolution, and so forget the Great Self, its Âtma, or "Father in Heaven."

In the confluence of these two contending streams, of sense and soul, matter and spirit—in this love which is still warfare, and this warfare which is still love—a lower or reflex personality is engendered, which in Eastern literature receives the name of the Elemental Self. Oriental imagery is taxed to the utmost to

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make plain the difference between the Higher Self, "without passion and without parts," and its inverted image, the Elemental Self, a plexus of irrational impulses and desires—for in a proper understanding of this difference lies the whole solution of our human problem.

THE ACTOR. [*A little anxiously*] I am afraid I do not get clearly this distinction upon which you say everything depends.

THE POET. Listen, then. It is thus that the Upanishads describe the Higher Self. [*Reads*] "In the highest golden sheath there is Brahman, without passion and without parts. . . . When he is in union with the body, the senses and the mind, then wise people call him the Enjoyer. . . . He is pure, firm, stable, undefiled, unmoved, free from desire, remaining a spectator, resting in himself."

The Elemental Self, on the other hand, is thus described: "There is indeed that other different one, called the Elemental Self, who, overcome with bright and dark fruit of action, enters a good or bad birth. . . . He is overcome by the qualities of nature. Then because he is thus overcome, he becomes bewildered, and because he is bewildered he sees not the creator, the holy Lord, abiding within himself. Carried along by the waves of the qualities, unstable, fickle, crippled, full of desires, vacillating, he enters into belief, believing, 'I am he, this is mine,' he binds his Self with his Self as a bird with a net."

This, then, in brief, is the Eastern teaching: the infinite exists potentially in each being. The Great Self without Selfishness is the only Reality. The Elemental Self is a falsity, a lie, a mirage. By the total decomposition of this false self, by a tearing away of veil after veil, the Infinite Vision comes. This reversal of the poles of consciousness whereby release is attained is that "far off, divine event toward which the whole creation moves," the crowning achievement of a long series of effortful lives.

*The sun, now fully risen, banishes the mountain's shadow and burnishes the lake with gold. Both men sit absorbed in the contemplation of the familiar miracle of the release of Earth from the bondage of Darkness. The book slips from the Poet's hand. The Actor takes it up and slowly begins to turn its pages.*

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# LAFCADIO HEARN: A FRENCH ESTIMATE

MICHAEL MONAHAN

THERE has lately appeared at Paris from the press of the *Mercure de France*, "*Lafcadio Hearn: l'homme et l'œuvre, par Joseph De Smet,*" and though the book, a generous volume of 257 pages, has been out only a few months, it has already reached a second edition.

The furore both of eulogy and disparagement which arose not long after the death of Hearn in 1904 has scarcely yet died away. In the noble simile of the Roman poet, we tread here on ashes that are still burning. The passions aroused by that bitter controversy are still active, though a truce has been called to their expression in the public press. The witnesses of hate and the witnesses of love have both been heard: turn we now to the impartial arbitrament of those who neither love nor hate. For that, as in the case of every contested reputation, we shall have to await the deliberate process of time. But according to a famous dictum, foreign judgment of a writer settles the question as to posterity. If this be so, Lafcadio Hearn is already assured of his place in the Pantheon of Letters. I have long since expressed my faith that his place therein will be a high one, and I am confirmed in it by M. De Smet's judicious appreciation. At the very outset of his work he declares that few writers will be so fully known to posterity, and he speaks of Hearn as "a man whose singular destiny was one of the most painful and significant of our time"; whilst he thus notes his artistic achievement:

"Lafcadio Hearn's literary fame, undisputed in America, was in England established solidly enough (at the time of his death) for one to consider it as definitely acquired. In fact, it was of the purest kind: awarded by the suffrage of an *élite,* it had nothing of that inferior popularity, entirely of circumstance, which belongs to Conan Doyle. If one examines the character and the quality of the appreciations which Hearn's books have evoked, he will recognize by indisputable signs that they are of a species only elicited by works of the first order." And he adds: "In studying the man we shall find that he was of those artists



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avoided by false fame (*la réclame*). His entrance into the literary pantheon was made quietly and in a manner wholly natural. He found himself one fine day consecrated as a great, a very great writer, without anybody being disturbed about it." . . . Evidently M. De Smet attaches little importance to the *émeute* raised in this country by the question of Hearn's literary merits, as well as that of his moral character. This is no doubt owing to that peculiar advantage of viewpoint which the foreign observer in these matters shares with posterity.

M. De Smet's work is far the best in itself and the best for Hearn's reputation that has yet appeared. Looking through its close-packed, terse and brilliant pages, and feeling the grip of its nervous, sustained style, one is bound to exclaim, after the Rev. Mr. Sterne, "Surely, they order these things better in France." Such books are not written in this country and indeed we have neither the art nor the measure of them. Perhaps because among us there is no finely keyed, discriminating public for such work, of the very essence of literature, and also no doubt because the attitude of our publishers, with few exceptions, is most distinctly unfavorable toward it. The value of this tribute to Hearn is the greater that, as is well known, French critics care little for English books, and, as a rule, only the most aggressive reputations succeed in crossing *La Manche*. Secure in the possession of the most incomparable literary tradition in the world, the French are not easily shaken from their customary mood of indifference toward English authors, especially new ones. Their position might be satirically contrasted with the American eagerness to acclaim as GREAT the very latest unfledged authorling of Britain. Doubtless this is largely owing to the snobbish Anglomania in favor of which our publishers are inclined to disparage the work of native writers. Whatever the true reason, it has put a seal of inferiority on American authors which few or none of them are able to avoid. Hence the more or less disparaging and contemptuous tone of our English critics. Stevenson noticed that the foremost American authors wrote like "amateurs," and the same weakness was imputed to Mark Twain in the midst of the ovation which attended his last visit to England. There is surely

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something to be reformed amongst us, but it may help matters if both our writers and publishers will try to free themselves from their present apish subserviency to British prejudices. In other words, let us avoid that vice whose simplest and most intelligible name is snobbery. How unbecoming it is to our literary folk and how little it avails them, the wise Thackeray told us many years ago.

M. De Smet's cursive account of Hearn's life and the various passages of his checkered career which have given rise to censure or controversy, is commendably accurate and not less satisfactory than his *critique*. The book is manifestly a labor of love (M. De Smet through excellent translations has helped to introduce Hearn to his French public), and the story is carried on with such ordered art and unflagging interest, withal such unity of purpose and subtle interpretation, that, as I have suggested above, one is not minded to limit his praise. It is all "as interesting as a novel" (a phrase that may not be worth as much as formerly), and so all of a piece that I found myself reading with a new pleasure the author's translation of sundry selections from Hearn with which I had long been familiar. These are, I conceive, the marks by which we know a veritable literary achievement.

Having said this much of the work in general, I want to mark the author's position as to some of the more important points raised in the "Hearn controversy," which not long ago raged in our literary and newspaper press.

And first let us take his attitude toward his friends, about which we have heard so much in condemnation and in defence. Liberally discounting the journalistic legend on this head, it may yet be freely granted that if ever there lived a man with whom it was difficult to maintain an equable friendship, that man was Lafcadio Hearn. His hair-trigger susceptibility to offence, his appalling frankness toward friend and foe alike, his tarantula-like readiness to strike, his exacting though just conception of what was due to himself, his touchy independence, his hatred of merely conventional amenities, and, above all, a morbid distrust confirmed by many years of experience only too bitter, conspired to render his friendship a perilous if inestimable gift. In nothing was he more *difficile* than in his terrible candor—the unsparing

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exercise of this trait cost him some friends who remained silent when they should have defended his grave.

He compares himself, says M. De Smet (in regard to his passion for places and new friends), to those legendary lovers who with the first light of morning see the beautiful enchantress they had held all night in their arms collapse into dust and ashes.

All his life Lafcadio Hearn experienced these alternations of enthusiasm and disillusion. He knew them at each of his migrations, which were many. He knew them equally and under a form no less painful in almost all his affections. In one of his last books (*Japan: an Attempt at Interpretation*) he relates an old Japanese legend which he deemed very expressive in its strangeness. It is that of *Izanagi,* the Japanese Orpheus. His wife Izanami died in giving birth to the god of fire. Izanagi followed her even into the country of *Yami,* the land of the dead. Izanami having appeared to him, he begged her to return. Then she promised to address herself to the gods of *Yami* and obtain their consent to her return, adding that she would bring the response as soon as possible. In the meantime he was forbidden to follow her. But Izanagi soon grew impatient and went in quest of her, lighting, in order to show his way, *a tooth of a comb which he carried in his hair.* He found her at last lying on the ground, swollen and eaten by worms, but still alive. The gods of thunder were squatted upon her body.

A score of times in his life Lafcadio Hearn, having started in pursuit of a lost ideal, found it again as Izanagi rediscovered Izanami. But each time also the beauty of the first seduction, like the horror of the final discovery, was his own work, the work of his soul at the same time confiding, affectionate and cruelly clairvoyant; the work also of his poetic imagination.

All his correspondence, it is pointed out, shows him opening his whole heart with the utmost frankness and sincerity to friends of whom after a little while he will never speak again. He has been accused of fickleness, of inconstancy, and, beyond doubt, all the appearances are against him. The truth is that at the first shock his heart closed again like a sensitive plant, and two or three "rubs," though slight, imposed on him a constraint which afterward he could never overcome. Our author cites Basil Hall

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Chamberlain to the effect that the cause of these estrangements was the very idealism of Hearn, and he regards his testimony as the nobler that Chamberlain was himself a victim of Lafcadio's inability to overcome an attack of distrust. And yet the touchy, suspicious little Irish Greek, half-nettle, half-flower, did certainly arouse everywhere in his passage the most ardent sympathies,—the more significant that his approach was difficult,—and preserved solid friendships intact during the term of his pilgrimage. That Hearn with all his "anfractuosities" of temper and disposition was capable of both feeling and inspiring a genuine friendship, is validly attested by the relations referred to. M. De Smet mentions his long and unclouded intimacy with Elizabeth Bisland (Mrs. Wetmore), who has done an excellent biography of Hearn and in divers ways labored devotedly to clear his memory from odium and to establish his literary repute; with his zealous friend and executor, Capt. Mitchell McDonald, and his no less attached friend and champion, Ellwood Hendrick. The page is one of the most cheerful in a life that never was over-bright and that had known too few such passages; the letters which Hearn poured out during many years to these trusted friends form perhaps the most humanly interesting part of his literary legacy.

Clearly it is M. De Smet's view that nothing is hereby proven against the moral character of Hearn, which has been so violently attacked by some journalists whom he had outgrown and a few other persons whom his instincts had warned him to avoid, as set forth above.

Most notorious, most aggrieved and most vindictive of these is Dr. George M. Gould, of Philadelphia, a former friend and correspondent of Hearn, who published a book about him after his death which, though not wanting a certain ability, has been generally regarded as a piece of spite-work and personal defamation. M. De Smet thinks its like cannot be found in the annals of literary criticism, and it recalls to him Baudelaire's use of the censure passed upon Griswold, the slanderer of Edgar Allan Poe: *"He has perpetrated an immortal infamy!"* Our critic shrewdly observes that Gould has only a single grievance, that of having been one day disdained. He is amazed that Gould

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should pretend to oppose his own virtue and respectability to the bohemian immorality of Hearn. He pronounces this essay in uncharity "*bizarre et odieux,*" which utterly fails, too, of its purpose, for as he keenly remarks: "In this very pamphlet, in spite of all his hateful insinuations, his efforts to ridicule the excessive nervousness, the weaknesses, even the physical infirmities of the man, or to rouse opinion against the boldness of his thought, Gould is despite himself dazzled by the brilliancy of his intended victim. His book is full of exasperated and reluctant homage to Hearn, the more singular that it has no real critical value, but which proves at least that the bitterest enemies of our author ignorantly felt and perforce acknowledged his greatness." M. De Smet affirms his conviction that to every intelligent and unprejudiced mind Hearn will seem precisely the opposite of what Gould wished to see in him.

If, outside the vulgar crowd, there are readers to approve this malignant performance of Dr. Gould, the French critic would ask, where does America stand in the scale of civilization? It is certain, he affirms, that in Europe Dr. Gould's book would be ridiculously impossible.

Far more important, in a literary point of view, is the question concerning the fidelity of Lafcadio Hearn's interpretation of things spiritual and material in the strange country of his adoption. M. De Smet lays this doubt in a few pages that seem to offer a model of delicate criticism and just observation. He notes first that the essential integrity of Hearn's work has been endorsed by Basil Hall Chamberlain, the foremost occidental authority in Japan, and then points out that the Empire of the Rising Sun is being transformed with such rapidity that verification of the question seems no longer possible. He asks, can a complete and faithful picture of a people be drawn, especially when the soul of this people is as essentially strange to us as that of the Japanese? One can require an observer only to be attentive and sincere; for the rest his testimony will be worth what he is worth himself. Nobody can see all. Each notes in passing through life the coincidences and associations which interest him. There are creatures who turn instinctively toward the shadow; others who must leap toward the light: Lafcadio Hearn belongs

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with these latter. What he saw in Japan does himself honor as much as it honors the country. M. De Smet does not scruple to pay him the superb tribute that he revived the national virtues of Nippon by the fact of revealing them to the western world. Mark the significant words of Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet:

"We Japanese have been regenerated by the magic of his work and rebaptized by his enthusiasms. Imaginations, forgotten during generations, again thrilled the living air, and the antique beauty, long hidden beneath the dust, rose before us with a new splendor."

M. De Smet draws an interesting contrast between the real Japanese woman depicted by Hearn with such marvellous insight and sympathy,—perhaps the most delicate fruit of his observations in the East,—and the type representing her as sketched by Pierre Loti in *Madame Chrysanthème* and other books. Admitting the exquisite art of the French novelist, the advantage of truth and beauty, especially a moral beauty with which Loti has not concerned himself, remains with Hearn.

Dismissing this aspect of his theme, M. De Smet makes the following pregnant observation upon the idealism of Hearn, so imperfectly understood by most of his critics:

"In spite of so many pages of his work which appear sombre and pessimistic, Hearn passed his life in a long series of enthusiasms and of disillusions always renewed, and which never discouraged him. Don Juan pursued the woman whom his imagination had invested with such perfection that, after a short illusion, there remained to him only disgust. So Lafcadio Hearn went from country to country, seeking a humanity too beautiful to be true."

To Lafcadio Hearn the literary artist our author devotes the most interesting and valuable pages of his book. Noting the long and painful discipline to which he had subjected himself in translating masterpieces from Flaubert, de Maupassant, Gautier, Anatole France and others (the first work of his pen to fall under the eye of the present reviewer was the volume of short stories vividly translated from Gautier under the general title of *One of Cleopatra's Nights*) the French critic observes:

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" Understood as it was by Hearn and applied to masterpieces of form, translation constitutes for the writer the best possible gymnastics. It compels him unsparingly to precision and the quest of the right word. . . . Baudelaire does not forfeit caste when he applies himself with his best literary conscience to give a perfectly adequate French version of Edgar Allan Poe."

Hearn came to apply to his own thought the treatment which he had so long applied to that of his adored French masters. As showing the rigorous artistic motive behind his ordinary practice, the following is quoted from one of his letters to the Japanese Amenomori:

" When you are dissatisfied with what you write I think it is probably due not to what you suppose,—imperfection of expression,—but rather to the fact that some latent thought or emotion has not yet defined itself in your mind with sufficient sharpness. You feel something and have not been able to express the feeling —only because you do not yet quite know what it is. We feel without understanding feeling, and our most powerful emotions are the most undefinable. . . . *Unconscious* brain work is the best to develop such latent feeling or thought. By quietly writing the thing over and over again I find that the emotion or idea often *develops itself* in the process,—unconsciously. Again, it is often worth while to try to analyze the feeling that remains dim. . . . If you have any feeling—no matter what—strongly latent in the mind (even only a haunting sadness or a mysterious joy) you may be sure that it is expressible. Some feelings are, of course, very difficult to develop. I shall show you one of these days a page that I worked at for months before the idea came clearly. . . . When the best result comes it ought to surprise you, for our best work is out of the *unconscious*."

Hearn's literary style has rarely been so delicately analyzed and never more highly appraised than by this French critic, whose competency in English, by the way, must be extraordinary in view of this performance. He recognizes in it no English influence directly discernible, and the French influence remains in the state of a distant memory or rather a very slight and lingering perfume. Always it is of a perfect simplicity. Nothing is more luminous than the prose of Lafcadio Hearn: no writer

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gives a clearer vision of the things of which he speaks. Those who said that Hearn could see the exterior world only through a mist and in vague outlines are contradicted on every page of his books. As often happens with those of like disability, he makes a marvellous use of his imperfect sight. Of a thousand persons with perfect eyes, for how many of them can it be truly affirmed, in Gautier's famous phrase, that "the visible world exists"? M. De Smet remarks that the physical causes which reduced Hearn to acute but rapid observation obliged him also to fall back upon himself, so that to picturesque notation was added a constant reflection. Thus the man mingles himself with the nature he evokes; a man who allows himself to drift with his dreams and to be moved by them; a philosopher interested in every advance of thought; a loving man, too, athirst for sympathy, unquiet and very apt to suffer!

Many years before real fame dawned for Lafcadio Hearn he wrote these words expressive of his artistic faith and purpose:

"You tell me that the idea of toiling for years, simply for the love of the task, without hope of recompense, is repugnant to you. I have known that despair, often and long. And notwithstanding I believe that there is in this world true art; that all which is immortal was made in this way. And I believe also that nothing which is brought to perfection from the pure love of art can perish, save by rare and strange accident. . . . One must never abandon the pursuit of his artistic vocation for any other task, however lucrative—even though the Divinity should remain dumb and blind to his efforts. As long as one is able to persevere in this way without dying of it,—and as long as he believes in the possibility of final success,—his duty is not to abandon it. And every time that one labors at any other thing than his own work, he robs from his God!"

Large popularity, the vogue of a Kipling or a Conan Doyle, was never dreamed of by Hearn and indeed is never the portion of a genius so fastidious and eclectic as his. M. De Smet notes that his earnings would have been much greater had he listened to the "suggestions" of his editors. The single literary sin with which he had to reproach himself in this regard was his having made too hastily and "to order" his translation of *Le Crime de*

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*Silvestre Bonnard* (reckoned, by the way, a highly competent piece of work). His fidelity to his literary ideals was to him a very religion. As he grew older he became the more fixed and intractable in these views of his art. His later books are less and less calculated for the general reading public; yet our critic bids us note that he has produced nothing more perfect than the last pages to which he set his hand.

In the light of such testimony as M. De Smet offers we are now able to judge with no small assurance what this heroit theory of consecration to art for art's sake was ultimately worth to Lafcadio Hearn. M. De Smet affirms that his work is unique in English literature and integrally sure of immortality. No writer in the English pantheon offers any real affinity to him, in this French critic's view, and one can admire him without reference to literary precedent. And yet we are asked to note that the style of his books is not in the least revolutionary; they are not signalized by audacities of form or an angry revolt against the past. His art is harmonious and tranquil; he never dreamed of imposing violently a new doctrine of æsthetics. And notwithstanding, there are few examples of an art so truly isolated, so free from obligations in the *milieu* to which it belongs.

But one is always the son of somebody. No artist presents himself as a wandering meteor. Whence does Hearn come? By race he is only half English. His dreams, his memories, a thousand causes favored by his sojourn at New Orleans and in the Antilles, bring him back to his Latin origins. His style exhibits the Latin quality *par excellence:* clarity. It is this which enables him to render the most secret impressions, the most delicate movements of the soul, the most subtile nuances of thought. The rare and exquisite originality of his artistic form is, after all, only the originality of his thought, to which it is absolutely adequate. To M. De Smet this appears the highest and worthiest praise.

But it is time to have done. M. De Smet's book, written with that inimitable art whose secret the French alone possess, tempts quotation on every page and is not easily laid aside. The lovers of Nippon's adopted son will put it down at length, as I did, with an unwonted feeling of gratitude to the author for the service to

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literature so splendidly performed, and of exultation at the final award which, after so much misery and toil and long slighted devotion, crowns now with enduring glory the fame of Lafcadio Hearn.

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# THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

## T. Everett Harré

## IX

*"Turning softly, she found a tiny naked baby . . . Annadoah leaned forward, gazing at it intently, wildly—then uttered a scream as though she had been stabbed to the heart . . ."*

The sun rose above the horizon and flooded the earth with liquid gold; again the sea ran with running light; the melting glaciers shimmered with burning amethystine hues; the snow-covered mountains took fire and glowed with burning bars of chrysoberyl and sapphire, while on the limpid sea the moving bergs glittered like monstrous diamonds electrically white. On the sequestered slopes of the low mountain valleys green mosses once more carpeted the earth, buttercups and dandelions peeped pale golden eyes from the ground, in the teeming crevices of the high promontories delicate green lichens wove a marvellous lacery, and wherever the sun poured its encouraging springtime light beauteous small star- and bell-shaped flowers burst into an effulgence of pale rose and glistening white bloom. A very faint sweet aroma pervaded the air.

Above the promontories millions of auks again made black clouds against the sky,—eider ducks floated on the molten waters of sheltering fjords,—along the icy shores puffins, with white swelling breasts, sat in military line,—guillemots cooed their spring love songs and fulmar gulls uttered amorous calls,—on the green slopes the white hare of the arctic gambolled, and tiny bears, soft and silken flossed, played at the entrances of moss-ensconced caves. Out of the sea unexpected herds of walrus lay sleeping on floating ice; harp seals sported joyously in the waves; a white whale spouted shafts of blue water high into the air. From the interior mountains came the howl of wolves and foxes, the sound of rushing waters and the roar of released glaciers. Nature was vocal with awakening life.

In her igloo Annadoah lay alone—for with spring the time of her trial had come.

In the customary preparations for the coming of Annadoah's unborn child Ootah had entered with rare tenderness and solicitude. When a little one is expected among these northern people, new clothing, of the rarest skins of animals and the feathers of birds, must be made for both mother and child; a new igloo is built for the event by the happy father, for the little one they believe should come in a house unspotted and white as the driven snows. Annadoah was deserted, husbandless; the women of the tribe remained aloof from her; Ootah alone stood by her. And Ootah helped her with unselfish eager gladness.

For several summers, in anticipation of the day when he might be a father, Ootah had gathered exquisite and delicate skins. These he now brought to Annadoah. There were silken young caribou hides, soft fluffy white and blue fox pelts, as well as the skins of hares and the young of bears. Of these, Annadoah, in the last week of fading winter, made, according to custom, new garments for herself. Then, as the sun rose



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in early spring and the birds mated, Ootah went away to the high cliffs, where the auks nested, and jumping from crag to crag, hundreds of feet above the sea, gathered a thousand tiny baby auks, with crests of wondrous down, of which the hood for the unborn child was made. In these high crevices, from which at any moment he might be plunged to death, Ootah gathered mosses of ineffable softness, which were placed in the hood as a cushion for the little one.

Near her winter home, Ootah built a new igloo for Annadoah, and never was one made with more infinite patience and greater care. Inside it was immaculately white, and when he lighted the new lamp the walls glistened like silver; over the light he placed a new pot of soapstone, for everything in that place in which a new life was to come into being must by an unwritten law be freshly made and never used before. He built a bed of ice, laid it thick with moss, and over this tenderly placed in turn first walrus hides, then thick reindeer and warm fox skins. He brought to the igloo a supply of walrus meat, and then, fearful to be present at an event in which he had no right of participation, prepared to depart to the mountains to hunt game.

Before leaving he crept half fearfully into Annadoah's old igloo and told her all was ready. She smiled fondly and reached forth her little hands. "Thou art very kind, Ootah," she said, "thou art brave and kind." Ootah was at a loss for words, but his heart beat very high, and he was very glad.

The natives watched Annadoah, as, arrayed in her immaculate garments, she made her way, with bowed head, to her new home; they whispered among themselves as they saw the *ilisitok* (wise woman) follow later.

When she sank on the new and wonderful couch, gratitude filled Annadoah's heart, and she murmured over and over again: "Thou art very kind, Ootah: thou art brave and kind." Somehow the bright igloo became black and she seemed to be floating on clouds. She remembered the Eskimo women wailing in the moonlight . . . by the open sea . . . and the curse they invoked upon her through the dead. She trembled and felt very cold. But she knew it was spring, for outside the igloo, with ineffable and silvery sweetness, a bunting was singing.

When Annadoah awoke from her delirium of agony she saw that the wise woman had left her. The walls of the igloo sparkled as the flame of the lamp flickered. Over it a pot sizzled with walrus meat frying in fat. In her half-waking condition Annadoah realized that something lay by her, and turning, softly, she found a tiny naked baby. Its skin was pale golden, its hair, unlike that of other babies, was of the color of the rays of the sun. With half-fearful gentleness she turned it over and over. Speechless with wonder, an inexplicable stirring in her bosom, she regarded its face—she observed its nose, the contour of its cheeks, the arrogance of its little chin; she noted in her child that curious and often brief resemblance of the new-born to the father—and this immediately recalled vividly and achingly the face of Olafaksoah. This was her child, and his. Surely, surely, with great joy she understood. With this thought, an impetuous longing for the father filled her. Passionately pressing the little creature to her breast she gave vent to the homesickness and ache of her heart in wild convulsed sobs. The touch of the little one, the resemblance of its tiny face to that of the blond man—these

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brought back the old passion and longing in all their bitterness. Yet at the same time the child brought a new satisfying solace to her; it filled an immeasurable void in her heart. Now and again she held it from her, and suppressing her violent sobs, solemnly regarded its face. She could not get over the wonder and half-surprise that possessed her. With utter abandon she finally fiercely clutched it to her. The infant began to cry. Annadoah laid it down, scared, amazed. Thereupon the baby for the first time opened its eyes. Annadoah leaned forward, gazing at it intently, wildly—then uttered a scream as though she had been stabbed to the heart.

When the wise woman—who had left Annadoah alone for a long sleep—returned to prepare food and to seek of the spirits the destined name of the child, she saw Annadoah lying still, her face upturned, tear drops glistening beneath her eyes. The wise woman placed some of the fried walrus meat, or *seralatoq*—the prescribed food for a mother the day her child is born—into a stone plate and put it on the floor within reach of Annadoah. Then she melted some snow and placed it by the couch. Slowly approaching the bed she lifted the naked infant.

"When thy mother wakes," she muttered, "I shall call upon the spirits. I shall give thee the name they gave thee in the great dark ere thou camest hither—the name which was born with thee and which shall be as thy shadow."

As she laid the little creature by the unconscious mother she saw a strange and frightful thing. The curse! She knew she would not be called upon to learn of the spirits any name for this unhappy child—it had, indeed, been named by the dead and with it the unuttered name must soon return to the great dark. With set lips, and the grim determination of duty on her face, she crept softly from the igloo.

Annadoah awoke. At first she gazed about dazedly. Then she realized that the *ilisitok* had been with her—she observed the meat and warm water by her couch. She realized also that the wise woman must have seen the horror which had gripped her heart like the claws of a hawk—the horrible and monstrous evil the women had called upon her as they spoke to the dead in the moonlight! Annadoah's child was blind. And she knew that according to the inviolable law of her people, a child born blind, or defective in limb, and without a father, is doomed to immediate death.

A wild tremor of fear shook Annadoah. With it a grim determination rose within her. All the tremendous urge of that mighty mother-love which had beautified and ennobled the world clamored in the heart of this simple woman that her child *must not* die.

As she touched the infant with a sacred tenderness, her very hands warmed with the impassioned affection that throbbed through her with every heart-beat. As she gazed upon the features, faintly suggestive of its father's, she felt that she could never part from this familiar and intimate link with the spontaneous and powerful passion of her girlhood. When she peered into those piteous, sightless eyes, mighty sobs of pity shook her; but she felt that she must be silent, and she forced back the tears. Outside, the spring bunting was still singing, sweetly, ineffably.

As she caressed it, the child's face twisted as if in pain.

"Well do I know, little one, thou dost desire thy name—*ateqarumavdlune,*" she said. "Thou dost desire it as that which is as precious as thy shadow. But the *ilisitok* has gone and never will she breathe o'er thee

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the name I know . . . the name I felt stirring within me since the night . . . when the women addressed the dead . . . Sweetly didst thou sing within my heart—but thy song came from the darkness. Yea . . . from the darkness. *Ioh-iooh!*"

Very tenderly she pressed her fingers upon the baby's sightless eyes.

"I shall call thee little Blind Spring Bunting," she softly murmured, lifting the baby and pressing its tender face to her own. "Poor Little Blind Spring Bunting." She soothed its face, infinite pity in her eyes. "Thou wilt never see *sukh-eh-nukh* nor the *ahmingmah,* nor the birds that fly in the air, Spring Bunting. All thy days shall be as the long night, and thy whole life shall be without any light of moon. But thy heart is warm and bright as the sun in the south, whence Olafaksoah came, and it makes the heart of Annadoah very warm. Poor Little Blind Spring Bunting!"

Murmuring softly she rocked the little baby gently in her arms. Then she heard the ominous sound of a native rushing by the igloo and voices upraised. What were they saying? That Annadoah's child was blind?

A frantic determination to escape filled her. The danger was immediate—she must act at once. But what should she do? Where should she go?

She rose and moved bewilderedly about the igloo. She felt weak and dazed. At any moment they might break into her immaculate new home and seize the child from her arms. At any instant they might come with wicked ropes to wrap about the baby's tender neck. That she must flee she knew—but where? Where? She thought of Ootah. But Ootah was in the mountains. And not a moment could be lost. In these matters the natives lose little time. Moreover, she knew the women hated her; and that they had succeeded in making the men gradually bitter.

"Olafaksoah! Olafaksoah!" she called tragically. Then she recalled with a start that Olafaksoah had summer headquarters some twenty miles to the south. It was a boxhouse, built on a promontory of the Greenland coast. She remembered it, as she had seen it on a journey south some summers before; the way thither, dangerous at this season of the year when the ice was breaking, she well knew.

"Perchance Olafaksoah hath returned—did he not say he would return in the spring? When the buntings sing?" She laughed spontaneously. "Yea, yea! We will go there, Little Blind Spring Bunting."

Quickly she adjusted her own new garments, and then she took the little golden baby and over its head and shoulders laced a tight-fitting hood of soft young fox skin. This done she gently placed the child into the hood on her back. Inside this was lined with the breasts of baby auks and made downy with fibrous moss. She hurriedly secured the child to herself by means of a sinew thread which passed about its body and which in turn she tied about the upper portion of her waist. The voices outside had ceased.

Suppressing her very breath, she crept through the long tunnel leading from the igloo and peeped cautiously from the entrance. She could hear her heart throb. She feared the natives might detect it.

Five hundred feet to the north a group were engaged in excited conversation. Annadoah's brain whirled with the fragments of what they said. She knew the moment had come to depart. She emerged and on all fours crept to the protecting lee of her igloo where she was hidden from their view.

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An open space of six hundred feet lay between her and the cliff around which the trail to the southern shelter lay. Annadoah summoned all her strength of will, and then proceeded to walk slowly, with her head bent and her face concealed, so as to avoid arousing suspicion, over the dangerous area. Her heart trembled within her—at any moment she expected to hear the savage cries. When she reached the cliff she felt as if she were about to faint.

Looking fearfully backwards, with a sigh of immeasurable relief, she saw that she was unobserved. Raising her head heavenward she breathed her thanks to the dead father and mother who were undoubtedly watching. She turned about the cliff, her heart bounding tumultuously, and, panting the words of the magic spell, asked that her legs be given the swiftness of the wind spirits. She was very faint, she had scarcely any feeling whatever in her limbs; but summoning all her courage, bringing to bear all the love of this child she sought to save, she turned and ran.

It was not long before she heard—or imagined—the angry cries of pursuing natives behind her.

## X

*"A frail pitiful figure Annadoah stood on the cliff, wringing her hands toward the declining sun . . . 'I-o-h-h-h,' she moaned, and her voice sobbed its pathos over the seas. 'I-o-h-h-h! I-o-h-h-h, Sukh-eh-nukh! Unhappy sun—unhappy sun! I-o-h-h-h, Annadoah—unhappy, unhappy Annadoah!'"*

Twenty miles to the south, on a great cliff which stepped stridently into the polar sea, stood a house built of stray timber and boxes which, for a half decade, had been the summer headquarters of parties of Danish and Newfoundland traders who came north annually and scoured Greenland for ivories and furs. The hulk of a house was weather-beaten, dilapidated, and scarred black by the burning cold. A more desolate habitation could not be imagined in all the world, a more devastated land could nowhere else on all the globe be found. For leagues and leagues to the north and south, the scrofulous promontories lay barren under the blight of the merciless northern blasts. Over the corroded iron rocks strata of red earth and deeper crimson ore ran like the streaky stains of monstrous and unhuman murders committed in aeons past. Not a particle of vegetation was visible; there were no lichens nor starry flowers. There was no life save that of the black birds which winged restlessly about the sky and squawked in grotesque mockery at the region and its doom. In strange contrast, the sky was as blue as the limpid skies of Umbria,—and nearly two hundred feet below the gnarled gashed cliff the ocean broke in terrific cascades of diamond foam.

The top of the cliff on which the house stood overleaped the sea, so that, looking below, one saw only the recoiling waters of a rich deep gold, capped with silver crescents of broken spray. From the sheer precipitous receding face of the cliff, knife-like granite spars projected, and in the crevices and nooks of these countless birds nested. Hungry, desirous, insatiate—the voice of that fearful and balefully luring world—there sounded eternally the roar and crash of the breaking golden waves.

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Over the uneven scraggy promontory, blinded by the fierce sunlight, Annadoah staggered. The world reeled about her; the sky above her had become black. Before her—a small speck in the distance—she saw the black wooden house silhouetted against the molten sea. She could scarcely move her legs; she ached in every limb; every moment she felt as if she would swoon, but the frenzied fear in her heart urged her on. She suffered intolerably.

Of that long tortuous journey Annadoah had no clear remembrance—with each step her one urging, predominant thought had been to forge ahead, to keep from swooning,—to escape those who were angrily calling far behind.

Leaving her village, along the difficult broken coast her trail lay; it crept painfully up over the slippery sides of melting glaciers, some of them a thousand feet high, and made sheer descents over places where the ice was splitting; it writhed about hundreds of irregular sounds and twisted fjords.

In her desperation to escape, Annadoah, without a thought of the danger, essayed to cross fjords where the ice was breaking. As she sped over deceptive unbroken areas the ice often split under her feet. In one of the sounds jammed ice was moving. To go around it she knew would mean a loss of three miles. She leaped upon the heaving ice. It rocked dangerously beneath her feet. As she left the shore the current increased, the ice moved more swiftly. From cake to cake she leaped with the agility of an arctic deer. The ice floes swirled under her and tilted as her feet alighted. Half way across, her foot slipped—the ice fragment eluded her wild grasp and she sank into the frigid water. She felt herself sinking; for a moment she seemed unable to continue the struggle—then she recalled the dear burden upon her back. She fought the swift current and grappled madly with the jamming ice. It gathered about her—she feared she would be buried by the force of the impact. But with a mighty struggle she finally grasped hold of a fortunate ridge on a cake and clambered to its surface. The baby was unscathed. It was crying loudly in its hood. Although her hands were almost frozen, the cold water had not entered her garments. She leaped into the air and fled. She next scaled the rocky face of a precipice to gain time—the rocks cut her face and hands. Swarms of birds, frightened from their nests, surrounded her. Their cries filled her with terror. Reaching, on the farther side, shallow streams over which thin ice lay, she bravely forged ahead—the ice broke—her feet sank into the mud. Her breath gave out—she felt paralyzing pangs in her lungs. Yet the cries behind—which had become somewhat more distinct—urged her on. Again and again, in crossing water moving with broken ice her feet slipped into black treacherous streams, and, swimming with native skill, she saved the child from the least harm. By degrees its cries ceased and it fell into slumber. Occasionally, Annadoah was compelled to rest, to regain her breath. Her reserve strength—as is that of her people—was tremendous. Staggering slowly ahead, she often sank into engulfing morasses where the earth had melted and willows were sprouting. Panting, trembling in every limb she fought her way out. For the better part of the journey her legs moved mechanically—she was only half conscious. Urged by her superhuman determination, the little woman struggled over twenty miles, and when she reached the great promontory where the house stood, her

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*kamiks* were torn, her clothing was soaked with frigid water, and her hands were bleeding from wounds inflicted by the sharp rocks.*

Behind her, in her delirious flight, she ever heard the raucous and threatening cries of pursuing tribesmen.

As she approached the wooden house she staggered to and fro, and at one time was perilously near the edge of the cliff.

Upon her back the infant slept peacefully.

"Olafaksoah! Olafaksoah!" she struggled to call, but her voice fell to a whisper.

The windows of the grim house were as black as burnt holes; they glared at her unseeingly, without welcome, like blind eyes.

Desperately she raised her voice. Only a panting, breathless plaint quavered over the dumb unreplying rocks. The sea licked its yellow hungry tongues below.

At the door of the frame house Annadoah paused and still without losing hope again essayed to call. Her voice broke. The house was undoubtedly vacant. There was no reply.

She bent her head to listen. She could hardly hear because of the pounding of blood in her ears.

Surely he had come—did he not say he would come in the spring?

She tried the door. It was locked.

She beat it frenziedly with her fists. She beat it until her fingers bled.

Then she threw her body against it like a mad thing. With crooked fingers she clawed savagely at the wood. At last she quelled the tumult in her bosom and found voice.

"Olafaksoah — Olafaksoah — Olafaksoah — *ioh-h-h! Ioh-h-h!*" she screamed. She sank to her knees and pounded at the door-sill with her fists.

When the native tribesmen, furious at her flight, at her temerity in trying to evade their inevitable law, clambered up the cliff, they saw a dark, stark figure lying still before the door of the box-house. Their voices rose in a raucous clamor.

Like wolves descending eagerly upon their prey they bore down upon the unconscious woman. Some of the women of the tribe had accompanied them. Their voices rose with eager glad calls to vengeance; they demanded the life of Annadoah's child without delay. The shrill howl of the dogs was mingled in that vindictive, savage chorus.

"Little Blind Spring Bunting," Annadoah murmured, awakened from her trance by the approaching calls.

Opening her eyes she saw the troop descending. Staggering to her feet she stood with her back against the door, facing the clamoring crowd defiantly. In their veins the savage blood of fierce centuries was aroused, in Annadoah's heart all the primitive ferocity of maternal protection.

They surrounded her. The struggle was brief. In a moment—while strong hands held her—they cut the sinew lashing and rudely tore the baby from its hood. Annadoah fell back, half-stunned, against the floor; in their midst the merciless howling natives had the helpless infant.

* Annadoah's flight, extraordinary as it is, is not without even more remarkable precedents. In one case a woman who had been rejected by her husband made a forty-mile journey during winter to a spot south of her village where a child, some years before, had been buried. There the woman wept and thus consoled herself. Having exhausted her grief she returned to her people. On the trip she had no food whatever.

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As they bore it over the promontory Annadoah uttered a savage, snarling cry, as of a mountain wolf robbed of its youngling, and furiously rushed after them.

Grasping hold of two of the men, she piteously begged them to give her the child. She made frantic promises. She pleaded, she sobbed, she raved incoherently. Holding to the men with a fierce grip she was dragged along on her knees. Then letting go, she cursed the tribe; she called upon them the malediction of all the spirits. Her voice broke—she could only scream. She tore her hair and fell prostrate, her body throbbing on the rocks.

Above the clamor Annadoah suddenly heard a strangely familiar voice shouting from the distance. Raising herself slightly, she saw a well-known figure bounding over the promotory toward the murderous natives. Her heart leaped—she recognized Ootah.

Having returned from the mountains Ootah learned of Annadoah's flight and the pursuit; and with an unselfish determination to save the child immediately followed.

At the very edge of the cliff the natives had paused. In his hands, Attalaq, the leader of the pursuit, held the crying babe. Their voices were raised to an uproar; the women were chattering fiercely. With quick dexterity Attalaq loosely twisted a leather thong about the baby's neck, and in haste to finish the tragic task began swaying it in his hands so as to give the helpless creature momentum in its plunge to death. Ootah bounded toward them.

"*Aulate! Aulate!* Halt!" Ootah cried. "I will be father to Annadoah's child."

The crowd turned—for a moment they gazed with mingled feelings of awed surprise, half-incredulous wonder and speechless admiration upon this man who offered to make the greatest sacrifice possible to one of the tribe; to become the father, protector and supporter of another man's helpless, defective infant. For according to their custom they just as spontaneously grant life to a defective child when a member offers to assume sole responsibility for its keeping as they are implacably determined upon its death if its mother is husbandless. But seldom does any man make this sacrifice; in this land of rigorous hardship and starvation it means much.

Ootah fought his way among them. They gave way and a low groan arose—his noble offer had come too late!

On the crest of a golden wave a tiny white speck of a baby face gazed in open-eyed frightened astonishment skyward, and in a lull of the intermittent rush of waters a thin piercing baby cry arose from the golden sea.

Awe-stricken, abashed, suddenly overwhelmed with regret and shame, the natives silently drew back . . . Ootah paused at the very edge of the cliff . . . he saw Annadoah's pleading white face . . . he extended his arms as a bird opens its wings for flight and brought his hands together above his head. For a moment his body slightly swayed, then poising to secure unerring aim, he leaped into the dashing sea . . .

Still and statuesque as a figure of stone, but wild-eyed, Annadoah stood alone on the extreme edge of the precipitous cliff and watched the struggle in the dizzy depths below . . .

Awed by the splendor of a heroism so dauntless, a love so overwhelm-

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ing, unselfish and great, the natives retreated to a far distance and waited in silence.

The prolonged infinity of suspense and horror of many long arctic nights was concentrated in the brief spell that Annadoah tensely, breathlessly, watched the struggle of the man to save her child.

Annadoah saw Ootah disappear in the waters after his desperate dive from the cliff and rise with unerring precision on the surface near the sinking babe. The sea came thundering against the jagged rocks in long, terrific swells, and were hurled back in a torrential tumult of breaking foam. Ootah fought the seething waves in his effort to grapple the living thing which was to Annadoah as the heart of her bosom. The tiny speck had begun to sink—Ootah made a dive under the water—and rose with the infant clasped in his left arm. With only one hand free, he made a desperate struggle against the onslaught of the terrible watery catapults as they hurled him, nearer and nearer, toward the rocks beneath the cliff. Annadoah saw his white hand, glistening with water, shine in the sunlight as he tried to climb against the impetus of the sea. Sometimes his head sank—then only the struggling hand was seen. She crept dangerously closer to the edge of the cliff . . . Slowly, but steadily, Ootah and the child were being swept backwards . . . By degrees the steady strokes of Ootah's arm began to waver. Annadoah saw him being carried further and further under the cliff by the irresistible momentum of the waves . . . To be dashed against the jagged rocks beneath she knew meant death. Her heart seemed to stop . . . but presently, swirling helplessly in the foaming cauldron of a receding breaker, she saw Ootah, still clasping the baby, emerge from under the rocks. He still lived. He still fought. Annadoah watched each desperate, failing stroke. She saw his strength giving out in that unequal struggle, saw his arms frenziedly but ineffectually beating the water, saw his head disappear . . . for longer and still longer periods . . . She caught a last vision of his white upturned face, of his eyes, filled with importunate devotion, gazing directly at her from out the blinding waters . . . Then she fell to her knees, and lowering her body, gazed wildly, for a long time, into the sea . . .

No, there was nothing there—nothing—on the aureate waves was no speck of life.

Rising, Annadoah gazed with wide-open solemn eyes seaward; for the moment she felt in her heart only a dull ache.

Along the horizon to the east the sun, irradiant and magnified, lay low over the heaving seas. Over its face, like a veil of gold, translucent vapors—the breath of *Kokoyah,* the god of waters—rose from the melting floes. A strange spell seemed suddenly to have fallen over the earth. Out on the ocean the great bergs, which had majestically moved southward like the phantoms of perished ships, seemed to pause. The little birds which had clustered about the rocks disappeared. High in the sky above her, a black guillemot poised motionless in the air.

At her feet the roaring clamor of the waves seemed resolved into the solemn sobbing measure of some chant for the dead.

Slowly and by degrees the utter realization of her loss dawned upon the soul of Annadoah. And to her in that magical spell the spirits of nature and the souls of the dead began to manifest themselves.

Out of the crimson-shot vapors mystical forms took shape. Annadoah saw the beautiful face of *Nerrvik,* and in the mists saw her watery green

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and wondrous tresses of uncombed hair. She saw the nebulous shadow of the dreaded *Kokoyah,* the pitiless god of the waters, to whose cold compassionless bosom had been gathered Ootah and Little Blind Spring Bunting.

Along the horizon Annadoah saw the clouds moving to the south. Higher up they moved to the west, and toward the zenith stray flecks moved to the north. The spirits of the air were not at peace among themselves. And dire things were brooding. From the inland highlands of Greenland now came a series of swift explosions, and in the brief succeeding interval there was an unearthly silence. Then a grinding crash rent the air. The spirits of the mountains had engaged in combat. And in the swift downward surge of the glacial avalanches Annadoah saw tribes wiped from existence and villages swept into the sun-litten sea. But Annadoah knew that the sun-litten sea was a treacherous sea; she knew that *Kokoyah,* whose face in the mist was wan, whose lips were golden, had no love for men, and she knew that the spirits of the air, who moved in the diversely soaring clouds, were engaged in some fell conspiracy against her helpless race.

A vague realization of the impotence of humanity against fate, against the forces that weave the loom of life within and without one's heart, weighed crushingly upon her.

Radiant indeed was the sky and softly molten golden the glorious sea, but yet, grim and grisly, behind this smiling face of nature Annadoah, primitive child of the human race, shudderingly felt the malevolent and evil eyes of *Perdlugssuaq,* the spirit of great evil; he who brings sickness and death. Annadoah felt that instinctive fear which humanity has felt from the beginning—the superstitious terror of tribes who confront extinction, in the face of famine; the quiet white tremor of the hard working hordes of modern cities in the face of poverty and starvation; the dread of savage and civilized races alike of the incomprehensible factor in the universe which wreaks destruction, that original and ultimate evil which all the world's religions recognize, interpret, and offer to placate—the force that is hostile to man and the happiness of man.

On the smooth tossing waters, reflecting the glory of the sky, there was no sign of those who had perished.

Then, after the first crushing sense of helplessness, an instinctive, insurgent hope that would not be defeated asserted itself. Annadoah called upon *Nerrvik,* for surely *Nerrvik* was kind to men. She pleaded with *Kokoyah.* She importuned the spirits of the sea and air to return her beloved ones to her.

"*Nerrvik! Nerrvik!*" Annadoah supplicated persuasively, "gentle spirit of the sea, lift Ootah unto me! Thou who art kind to man and givest him fishes from the deep for food, give unto Annadoah's arms Little Blind Spring Bunting."

She shook her frail body to and fro and in a tremulous, plaintive chant told unto the gentle and gracious spirit of the waters all that Ootah had been, all that he had done for the tribe; of his prowess, of his love for her, of her own hardness, and how she had turned a deaf ear to his pleading. Incident after incident she recalled. She told of the long night, when Ootah went by moonlight into the mountains, how he had braved the hill spirits, how they struck him in the frigid highlands, and how the beneficent *quilanialequisut* brought him home. Her exquisite voice rose to a splendid crescendo as she described that valorous adventure,

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and in the chant ran the *motifs* of the hill spirit's anger, the brave leaping steps of Ootah, the tremor of the mountains as they were struck, and the deep tenderness of Ootah's love. In that customary chanting address to the spirits, Annadoah told of Ootah's return from the mountains, of the suffering he endured, and how, when she soothed him, she thought of the great trader from the south. She recalled how he had staggered from the igloo, of the agony in his eyes, and how she heard him sobbing his heart-break in the auroral silence without her igloo through the long sleep.

Extending her arms over the sea, Annadoah reiterated, after each statement of Ootah's bravery, her plea to *Nerrvik* that Ootah be given back to her.

"*Nerrvik! Nerrvik!*" she called, "surely thou art kind! O thou whom, when the great petrel raised a storm, wast cast into the depths of those thou didst love, thou whose heart achest for affection—hear me, hear me, and Annadoah will surely come to thee very soon and comb thy hair in the depths of the cold, cold sea."*

Tears fell from her eyes. With self-reproach she told of her old longing for Olafaksoah, the blond man from the south, whose grim fierce face had cowed her, yet whose brutality had thrilled her, to whose beast-strength and to whose beast-passion all that was feminine in her had surrendered itself. But he had left her—he said that he would come back in the spring. Now, she knew he would not come back—and she did not care. As if to convince the spirit of this, she compared Olafaksoah with Ootah; she knew now that he had used her to rob her people, that his heart was as stone. Ootah, she had once said, had the heart of a woman; but now she realized the difference between them. She knew the arms of Ootah were strong, that the words of Ootah were true, that the heart of Ootah was kind. And she felt stirring in her bosom things she could not express; a vague comprehension of the pure spirituality of the man who had died to save her child, a response to the love that had stirred in the bosom now cold beneath the sea. All the primitive deep profundity of the devotion of that wild-hearted man who had brought a wealth of food to her from over the mountains, who had faced death for her on the frozen seas, who had tended her in her time of trial with the gentleness of a woman, his indomitable heroism, the splendor, the dauntless unselfishness and bravery of his offering to father her sightless child—all this—all this, and more—welled up in the heart of Annadoah.

"*Nerrvik! Nerrvik!* To him who loved her Annadoah lied. Dead,

* *Nerrvik,* a beautiful maiden, according to the legend, married a storm-petrel who had disguised himself as a man. When she discovered the deception she was filled with horror, so that later, when her relatives visited her, she determined to escape with them. When the petrel returned from a hunting trip and discovered that his wife had gone, he followed, and flapping his great wings raised a terrible storm at sea. Water filled the boat in which *Nerrvik* was escaping. When they realized that *Nerrvik* was the cause of the storm her brothers cast her into the sea. With one hand she clung to the boat; her grandfather lifted his knife and struck. *Nerrvik* descended into the ocean and became the queen of the fishes. Possessing only one hand she cannot plait her hair. A magician who can go to *Nerrvik* in a trance and arrange her tresses wins her gratitude and can secure from her for the hunters quantities of fish. It is interesting to note the similarity of the legend of *Nerrvik* to that of Jonah. But just as the Eskimos have changed the masculine sun of southern mythologies to the feminine, so the victim of the mythological sea storm in the arctic becomes a woman.

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she told him, was her heart as a frozen bird in wintertime—but her heart was only sleeping! And now the wings are beating—beating within her breast! *Ootah! Ootah! Ioh-h! ioh-h-h!"*

Her voice broke. She beat her little breasts. She bent over the sea and listened. For a long while she watched.

Then, from the shadows in the clouds, the answer came. Truly Ootah was brave, and his heart was marvellously kind; unsurpassed was his skill on the hunt and of every animal did he kill; and great was his love for Annadoah. Even the spirits had marvelled and spoke of it among themselves; but Annadoah had chosen her fate; she had denied the love that had unfalteringly pursued her, and now that she desired it, even so to her was that love to be denied. That was fate.

Then in a clamorous outbreak did Annadoah plead with *Kokoyah.* She grovelled on the ground. She called upon all the spirits of the winds and air. In a tremulous heartbroken plaint she finally called upon the spirits of her father, her mother, and those who had gone before them.

But unrelenting, passionless, the answer came—from the shadows in the clouds, from the winds, from the moaning sea. To warm the wild heart under the water was beyond the power of all the spirits. They repeated to her, as in mockery, all that she had told them that Ootah had done, of his mighty love for her; but nevermore might she soothe his injured limbs, nevermore might she touch his gentle hands, nevermore might she look into his tender and adoring eyes. His hands were cold, his eyes were closed, his heart was still. It throbbed with the thought of her no more—and that would be forever. That was fate.

A frail, pitiful figure, Annadoah stood on the cliff, wringing her hands toward the declining sun. In the midst of that wild golden-burning desolation, Annadoah felt her utter loneliness, her tragic helplessness. In all the universe she felt herself utterly alone.

Far away, awed by the heroism, the very splendor of the bravery of the man who had perished, the tribe stood murmuring. In their hearts was no little unkindness toward Annadoah. But, forsaken, outcast, she did not care.

Over the aureate shimmering seas she wrung her little hands and into the waves lapping at her feet her tears fell like rain. For the heart of Annadoah ached. Nothing in the world any more mattered. All that she had loved had perished in the sea. And she loved too late.

Gazing at the low-lying sun, veiled as in a vapor of tears, an instinctive wild world-understanding of that tragedy of all life, of all the universe perchance—of that unselfish love that is too often denied and the unhappy love that accents only too late—vaguely filled her primitive heart.

Sinking to her knees, convulsed sobs shaking her, she wrung her hands toward *Sukh-eh-nukh,* the sun.

*"I-o-h-h-h!"* she moaned, and her voice sobbed its pathos over the seas. *"I-o-h-h-h! I-o-h-h-h! I-o-h-h-h, Sukh-eh-nukh! I-o-o-h-h, Sukh-eh-nukh!* Unhappy sun — unhappy sun! *I-o-o-h-h-h-h,* Annadoah! *I-o-o-o-h-h-h-h,* Annadoah! Unhappy, unhappy Annadoah!"

Annadoah's head sank lower and lower. Her weeping voice melted in the melancholy sobbing of the aureate sea. One by one the natives departed. She was left alone. To the north the sky darkened with one of those sudden arctic storms which come, as in a moment's space, and blast the tender flowers of spring. A cold wind moaned a pitiless lament

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from the interior mountains. Yellow vapors gathered about the dimming sun. Ominous shadows took form on the shimmering sea.

"*I-o-h-h-h—iooh!* Unhappy sun—unhappy, unhappy Annadoah!"

Taking fire in the subdued sunlight—and descending from heaven like a gentle benediction of feathery flakes of gold—over and about the dark crouched figure, softly . . . very softly . . . the snow began to fall.

## *FINALE*

*According to the legends of the tribes, not for many long and aching ages shall the melancholy moon win the radiant but desolate Sukh-eh-nukh. For having refused love she is compelled to flee in her elected lot from the love she now desires but which she once denied, and this by a fate more relentless than the power of Perdlugssuaq, a fate which they do not comprehend, but which is, perchance, the Will of Him Whose Voice sometimes comes as a strange whistling singing in the boreal lights, and Who, to the creatures of His making, teaches the lessons of life through the sorrows and punishments which result from the errors and acts of their own choosing . . . Sometime—when, they do not know—the sun and moon will meet. They will then, having endured loneliness and long yearning, be immeasurably happy, and in the consummation of their desire all mankind will share . . . For as ultimate darkness closes, all who have been true to the highest ideals of the chase will be lifted into celestial hunting grounds where no one is ever hungry nor where it is ever cold; all who have done noble deeds will be hailed as celestial heroes. He who died to save another will attain immortal life and never be compelled though successive incarnations to suffer death again; he who gave of his substance to feed the starving will find ineffable food and in abundance; he who loved greatly, who suffered rejection uncomplainingly, and who sought untiringly—even as the moon pursued Sukh-eh-nukh for ages —will in that land where the heart never aches and where there are no tears, see the very fair face of his beloved smiling a divine welcome, and her eyes filled with a radiant response, gazing into his own. The end of the world will come, and with it will cease the suffering struggles of all the world's races. And then all the highest hopes of men will find their realization in an undreamed-of heaven to which all who have lived without cowardice, ingratitude or taint of selfishness in their hearts, will be translated as the world's last aurora closes its mystic veils in the northern skies.*

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# EDITORIAL NOTES

## *Woodrow Wilson*

WITHIN a few days after the publication of this number of THE FORUM, Woodrow Wilson will be inaugurated as President of the United States.

He goes to the White House at a critical time in the history of his country, and of the world. It is not merely temporary political problems, or temporary commercial problems that he will have to deal with. Other men have dealt—some in a big way, others in a little way—with the political or commercial questions of their day or generation; and some have had their reward, and some less or more than their reward. But grown-up men and women are becoming tired of tinkering with effects, or comparative trivialities: they wish to get down to causes; to understand fully, and to change, where change is necessary, fundamentally and adequately. Progress, it is true, is not an affair of a few minds or a few years. But the preliminary work has already been done, in large degree; and the time has come when one dominating personality can revolutionize the social and political system as we have known it.

It is not a little thing that we ask from Woodrow Wilson. We ask him, in the first place, to be in reality, as in name, President of the United States—not a political pawn moved to and fro on the board of state by veiled players. We ask him, in the second place, to help to make this country a Republic in fact, as in theory; a country where the people shall govern, and shall fit themselves for that responsibility. We ask him, in the third place, to do what lies within his power to sweep away the shameless political traditions that have given us thieves instead of administrators, and corruption instead of decency, so that our daily papers teem with reports of scandals and probes, and everywhere there is bartering of men for money, of principles for profit.

And the country is tired of chicanery, dishonesty, incompetence. It wants, and will have, a public life which honest men can enter, and in which only honorable men may remain. The



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little men have told us that corruption is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Where, now, are those unalterable laws? Gone, with the empires that produced them and the kings who decreed them; as corruption shall go, with the corporation tools and the underworld vampires who have maintained and battened upon it.

Not tariff revision—important as it is; or the duration of Presidential terms; or the enforcement of an income tax; or the remoulding of the Monroe Doctrine; or the independence of the Philippines; or any one of the planks from a party platform; is the leading question at this moment. For men's minds are turning, not to this detail or to that, but to the one essential fact—shall this country have a new birth of freedom, or a new flouting of its aspirations, a new denial and negation of national liberty and true national life?

One man cannot do everything; he cannot attend to the thousands of details that must be considered before any measure of progress can be completed. But he *can* give such an impetus to the new movement that no barriers of the reactionaries, the grafters, the self-seekers and self-satisfied, can withstand or divert it.

Woodrow Wilson will be told that the people are supine in the hands of the financiers. He will be threatened with panics, menaced with commercial manipulations. But Woodrow Wilson has too clear an understanding of the people, and too clear a comprehension of economic conditions, to be deceived or intimidated. He commences his administration with the confidence of the people. Many things will have happened before the close of the administration; but it will be strange, indeed, if a man with the strength, ideals and integrity of Woodrow Wilson does not write a page of national history that will be read and remembered in other years.

## *Civilized Commerce*

In connection with the rubber atrocities in the Putumayo region of Peru, Mr. J. R. Gubbins, chairman of the Peruvian Amazon Company, has recently been giving evidence before a

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committee of the British House of Commons. He admitted that there had been 30,000 murders in twelve years—a mere 2,500 a year. The atrocities, however, had diminished consistently since the end of 1909. Mr. Gubbins had been a director of the company since July, 1908—quite a considerable time before the atrocities "consistently diminished." He stated that he had joined the company at the invitation of Mr. Reid, an old and esteemed friend. "What was good enough for Mr. Reid was good enough for him." He knew nothing of the atrocities until a complete exposure appeared in *Truth*. Obviously, it was not his business to know how his business was conducted. But when public opinion and the Government brought unpleasant pressure to bear, even the chairman of the company could no longer preserve his placid ignorance. However, he was "under the impression that things were steadily improving." Even now it was absurd, of course, to expect him to have definite and accurate knowledge of the horrible conditions. He had contrived to secure a vague "impression." That was quite sufficient. He had an idea, no doubt, that things might somehow or other, at some time or another, come out all right—with a clean sheet and a creditable balance sheet for his desirable company.

This is the attitude that we are all familiar with—the "outward decency" attitude. Crime, vice, corruption, oppression—what do they matter to a certain type of civilized gentleman if the scene of action be sufficiently remote or the sepulchre be duly whited?

In the Putumayo region we have 30,000 Indians done to death by torture in twelve years—flogged to death, burnt to death, drowned, starved, shot, mutilated. This is the price paid for civilized commerce. There was a demand for rubber. The demand had to be supplied.

How many have been done to death in New York City and in the other cities of America, in the service of that other civilized commerce—prostitution? But there is a demand for the prostitute. Obviously, the demand must be supplied and the price paid. What does it matter so long as "outward decency" is maintained? The perfectly respectable Mr. Gubbins type is always satisfied and always indolent—until public opinion tears the re-

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spectability into shreds and calls the indolence by its right name—criminal neglect of duty.

But until the exposure comes, the old proverb is relied upon. "Where ignorance is bliss. . . ." There must be many blissful administrations in our cities, and many hysterically happy directorates of corporations.

## *The New York Subway Conflict*

THE amenities that have recently been exchanged by Mr. Gaynor and some of the more prominent critics of the subway contracts, are very helpful and interesting. They indicate clearly the high standard of courtesy prevailing in public affairs, and the exceptional degree of public confidence that the city administration has gained by its handling of the various problems and scandals that have unfortunately confronted it. Mr. Gaynor's scheme for settling the strap-hanger difficulty was denounced by the Hearst newspapers as a subway "steal." Mr. Gaynor denounced the denouncer as a "scamp," and thoughtfully threw in the Pulitzer brothers to give weight to the accusation. These pleasantries, it will be noticed, occurred in connection with the adjustment of a purely business transaction of large magnitude, which should have been settled by a committee of business men of unimpeachable integrity. It should be easy to decide whether the city is securing a good bargain, or accepting an absurd proposition, conceived mainly in the interests of the traction corporations. Unfortunately, committees of business men of unimpeachable integrity are extremely rare; and the traditions of the city government show no tendency to regret that rarity. So the Mayor, Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Hearst have been playing their political game, with the Public Service Commission in the foreground, Tammany in the background, and the public, as usual, preparing to pay the piper. It is fortunate that the people of New York can place implicit faith in their Chief Executive, who has shown so clearly by his conduct of the police scandal whether he fears the fierce light of publicity on any administrative measure or administrative department.

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## *Votes for Violence*

THE civil war in England goes merrily on its way. Damage to the extent of several thousand pounds has been done at Kew Gardens; pepper, it is reported, has been brought to bear upon Cabinet Ministers; telephone wires have been cut; and the familiar and favorite devices of mail-destruction and window-smashing have been extensively employed. In other words, the appeal to reason has been complete, and the Cause has been endeared to all true idealists.

It is very gratifying that women have arrived at the barbaric stage in which men have so long rested happily. The women smash windows to call attention to an argument; men bombard cities. The women, for advertising purposes, refuse to be fed: men, without any advertising at all, have established starvation wages as the rule of life for a large percentage of the human race, and starvation itself, as the rule of death, for the encouragement of the submerged. Women uproot flowers and threaten the art treasures of the nation: men have uprooted nations themselves, turned fertile countries into deserts, depopulated towns and massacred those with whom they had a little difference of opinion. During the last twelve years, in one district of South America alone, men have committed 30,000 murders in order to secure an adequate supply of rubber.

The women have not the worse of the argument, if comparisons be instituted. But the pity of it is that there should be any comparisons: that the women should not find finer ways for the achievement of their fine cause, refusing to stultify themselves by the adoption of petty, stupid methods. "Votes for women" is becoming a shibboleth, with the real meaning of which half the women who clamor for it are totally unacquainted. Votes will not bring the millennium. The education which makes votes effective has more millennial possibilities.

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# *Contributors to the April Forum*

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS is the author of *Three Modern Seers* and other well-known books; she has also written several plays. She is the wife of Henry Havelock Ellis, whose psychological and social researches have received international recognition.

M. P. WILLCOCKS is an English novelist, the author of *Widdicombe, The Wingless Victory, A Man of Genius* and *The Way Up.*

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER has contributed frequently to THE FORUM. She has had extensive educational and ministerial experience. She was ordained in 1891, but has devoted herself since 1903 to the organization and advocacy of progressive measures. Her book, *Woman's Share in Social Culture,* was recently published.

BLISS CARMAN was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick. He was educated at the Collegiate School and the University of New Brunswick, afterwards completing post-graduate courses at Edinburgh and Harvard. His poems are too well known to need enumeration; the latest is *Daughters of Dawn,* a series of dramatic pageants completed in collaboration with Mary Perry King. *The Making of Personality* is the most recent of his prose works.

WALTER LIPPMANN was born in New York City in 1889. He graduated from Harvard in 1910, and then spent a year in post-graduate work in philosophy. He has since been engaged in magazine and newspaper work, with an interval of a few months when he was executive secretary to Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady.

EDWIN MAXEY is professor of public law and diplomacy in the University of Nebraska. He received the degree of Ph. B. from Bucknell University in 1893, and has since acquired many other academic distinctions, including the D. C. L. and LL. D. degrees from the Illinois College of Law. He is the author of several political and social works, and is well known as a contributor of political and social articles to the leading magazines.

ANAN RAYMOND was born at Rapid City, South Dakota. He attended the South Dakota School of Mines for four years, after which he graduated with honors from the University of Nebraska. He afterwards studied law at the same institution, and is now assistant to the chancellor of the university.

VICTOR STARBUCK is a member of a law firm in Orlando, Florida.

SETH KING HUMPHREY was born at Faribault, Minnesota, in 1864. He was educated at the Faribault High School and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has had many years' business experience, but has gradually withdrawn from routine-ties and

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devoted himself to the study of social and public questions. He is the author of *The Indian Dispossessed,* a consideration of the relation of the Indian to the Government; and he is now actively associated with various public welfare organizations.

DARRELL FIGGIS is a young English critic, novelist and poet. He is the author of *Broken Arcs,* a novel; *The Crucibles of Time,* a volume of verse; and other books.

EDWARD GOODMAN was born in New York. He was educated at the Horace Mann High School and at Columbia, graduating in 1908. Since then he has been writing for the magazines, contributing dramatic criticisms, reviews and occasional stories.

VAN WYCK BROOKS is a graduate of Harvard. He is the author of *The Wine of the Puritans,* and of numerous essays, many of which have appeared in THE FORUM. A complete critical study of John Addington Symonds is now in the press.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY was born in Beverly, Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard in 1877, and subsequently received the degrees of Litt. D. and LL. D. from Amherst, Harvard and Western Reserve universities. He was professor of English in the University of Nebraska, 1877-8 and 1880-2, and professor of comparative literature at Columbia, 1891-1904. He has published many volumes of literary studies, essays and poems, and has edited several editions of famous works, including *Bacon's Essays, Shelley's Complete Poetical Works* (4 vols.), and, with E. C. Stedman, *Poe's Complete Works* (10 vols.).

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